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A COLOMBIAN ARMADA

BY

Frederic Courtland Penfield

Former United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General to Egypt
Author of Present-Day Egypt

ON PIERS and plaza, in streets and cafés, everywhere in the ancient city of Cartagena there were signs of intense excitement on the second of December. The town was filled with soldiery, crowding the footpaths to a degree warranting a stranger in supposing that an army division at least was billeted within the walls of the city.

The number of soldiers was actually about two thousand; but excited South Americans have the faculty of placing themselves in such evidence as to deceive an Anglo-Saxon into believing that two thousand are really five or ten thousand.

Handfuls of tatterdemalion men and boys, zigzagging along the street, were shouting, "*Abajo con los Americanos!*" and the cry was being answered by "*Viva Colombia!*" and kindred utterances pregnant with patriotism, signifying that somebody was impatient to get "on to Panama," or to some other point removed from Cartagena—perhaps to Washington.

With eyes shut I might have believed I was in New London on a boat-race night; but the "Down with Americans" was not in harmony with usual Thames-side sentiment.

"What's up?" I inquired.

An acquaintance answered, "Why, man alive, you're just in time; history is going to be made here to-day. You may witness the sailing of the armada."

"The what?" I gasped.

"Expedition, if you prefer the word—Colombia's expedition against the Panamanians. You can observe the initial step in a great military operation, war against the seceders on the isthmus, and who knows but that it will end in war against the United States? It was to have started yesterday."

I had seen the flower of Italy set forth to smite Menelik's army of Abyssinians, and had viewed the starting up the Nile of Kitchener's Anglo-Egyptian force to crush the Khalifa and avenge Gordon. "Why," I asked myself, "why am I fated to see these commencements of strife?"

"It's against the governor's orders, but come with me to the quay and I'll show you the Colombian navy, and you can witness the embarking of the expedition. Walk fast, and the crowd will believe you have a right to be in Cartagena and will not molest you. Americans are out of favor just now; even your consul is hooted when he appears in the street; he goes armed and discreetly stays indoors after nightfall."

"But have relations between the countries been severed? Remember, I've been out of reach of news for a fortnight."

"Not yet—but relations are awfully strained. These people look for a declaration of war from Bogota any hour. Every Colombian is angry, mad clear through, fighting mad, and wants to fight somebody at once."

I had seen other nations in similar mood. In Devonshire, a few days before the beginning of the Boer war, an indignant yeoman had turned to me from his newspaper and said, "Us has got to give somebody a darned good licking."

"But about the fleet? Is it a powerful one, large, including many ships?"

"It's Colombia's Caribbean squadron—all she has, aside from a converted fruiter, and possibly a few river boats."

Strange, very strange, that I hadn't noticed it. I had come into the harbor at daybreak.

"Behold!" A sweep of the arm indicated the ships, but these were of contour sufficiently graceful to denote the pleasure of luxury rather than that they were arbiters of sea-power—two of them, no more. One was alongside the pier, the other swung lazily from a mooring buoy.

"That boat out in the bay is a yacht; that's James Gordon Bennett's yacht, Namouna, isn't it? If she were painted white instead of drab, and hadn't that yellow-blue-red ensign over the taffrail, I would swear to it."

"*Née* Namouna, yes; and formerly of the New York Yacht Club; but she is now the unarmored cruiser and transport General Pinzon of the Colombian navy. The cattle and bags of rice on her deck are to feed the expedition. When the Marroquin government bought her she could log fourteen knots; but as her machinery is now sadly out of order, and her boilers reduced to the thickness of writing-paper, the Colombians get only five knots an hour out of her. She'll be getting under weigh in a few minutes—probably."

The Redoubtable Cartagena

THE barkantine-rigged vessel, half warship and half yacht, vomiting forth a cloud of smoke at the quay, was a beauty, sure enough; and it was none other than the flagship, the redoubtable Cartagena, so much to the fore in press dispatches dealing with the birth of the Republic of Panama.

"Come on board; I know her captain well. Between ourselves, he's a naturalized American citizen, and should be in fear of laying himself open to a charge of treason. He was once first mate under me in the banana trade."

A pair of rosewood doors beneath the poop-deck swung open and the commander of the flagship came forward to the gangway. There was no gold lace about him, no clanking side-arm, no epaulets, jackboots nor spurs. On the contrary, his knee-sprung cassimere trousers and serge jacket and yachting cap could have been purchased for a few dollars, three at the outside. He was red-faced, short and pudgy, and spoke German-English with a frog in his throat. The infirmity, he explained, was due to a cold, and he apologized for wearing a thick roll of flannel in lieu of a collar.

"I'm always glad to see visitors from the States. Come into the cabin; you'll excuse me if I'm called away—I'm taking troops aboard and am to sail at noon."

"Thank you, captain."

"I'm captain in a way, yes. You see, I'm only commander of the boat—navigating officer, to be precise; but I'm in no sense a member of the navy of Colombia.

"My people may be here any minute, 450 of them; then we're off. They're going to fire guns this trip, going to redeem the fair name of Colombia, or yield their lives at an appalling price. They tell me that every Colombian, yes, even the women, will fight America to the death rather than see the isthmus taken from them."

I wondered if he had read Paul Kruger's manifestoes, and speculated as to what would happen to the unprotected Atlantic seaboard of the United States, to the American flotilla at Colon and to the Monroe Doctrine if this thirst for bloodshed went unappeased.

There was what I took for a signal from a bugle without, and the captain—the navigating officer, I mean—rushed from the cabin. In a moment he was back with the information that the armada would not sail before one o'clock. "There is delay somewhere," he explained.

The cabin fittings were so lavish, so artistic, so sumptuous in an Oriental sense, that I wanted to inquire regarding their splendor. Never on any craft had I seen so gorgeous a room. The panels were in the red and green style of the Mussulman world, with delicate arabesque tracery in burnished gold. The divans suggested stories of Eastern potentates who thought nothing of parting with a province for a beautiful face. The centre-table of ormolu cost a fortune. On the ceiling, on the walls, everywhere was proof of profligate expenditure. Clasped to a wall was a water-cooler worthy of an art museum.

"Captain," I ventured, "tell me the reason for this grandeur."

"This ship was a royal gift, was made at Leghorn in 1894 by command of the King of Italy."

"And given to another king?"

"Not to a king, but an emperor—the Sultan of Morocco—emperor of emperors, who dwells at Fez. After experiencing seasickness a few times it occurred to the Imperial Moor that he had no pressing need for a warship, so my peo—that is, the Colombian Government—bought it. No, I'm not certain that it was paid for; you can hear on shore that it was and that it was not. She's the prettiest thing afloat, anyway."

Then I scrutinized the salon in closer detail before being asked to inspect the private apartments fashioned for his Majesty, but now occupied by the mariner of the cassimere trousers and his "Generals" in time of active service.

Here ensued threefold disappointment. Opening a door of Saracenic design a few inches, the captain drew back and explained that, as there had been remissness in making his bed, he would not take me in. The other state chamber was found to contain the bags and baskets of his "General," just come aboard, and would I, therefore, again excuse him? Then to the bathroom—chamber of luxury with Mediterranean autocrats. The captain permitted me to peer in for a second, but long enough to reveal a bunch of bananas suspended from a fixture of silver, and bathtub and marble basins filled with sacks obviously containing potatoes.

"I have this moment had a message that the troops will not come aboard until two o'clock," now explained the captain; "so come on deck and examine the batteries. I'm certain you'll pardon the confusion of sailing day."

"Is this armada ever to sail?" I asked myself.

And what a picture of peace and quietude the deck presented, the peace preceding, perhaps, the unleashing of war's bloodhounds! The sole occupant of the quarterdeck was the "General," fatigued with his journey from Savanilla, who was loiling in the shade of a twenty-four-pounder Nordenfelt gun. He was a mild-mannered man, perhaps thirty years old, and he was finding great satisfaction from reading the Cartagena weekly paper, that day issued, containing circumstantial quotations from American journals of a nature most convincing that the opposition of the people of the States to the Government's action in acknowledging the validity of the Republic of Panama was practically unanimous, and that President Roosevelt stood in danger of impeachment for his participation in isthmian affairs. Not a word dealing with the other side of the question was printed. The General had none of the spangles and feathers of his rank, no epaulets and no spurs. His little white flannel cap would have been *de rigeur* anywhere, on a day excursion to Coney Island or on the golf course.

Close to the reading grandee a canary bird, suspended in his cage from the barrel of a Maxim gun, chirped a merry roundelay, hopping now and again from one perch to another, as is the wont of canary birds the world over.

"Will this armada ever start?" I kept asking myself.

A Peaceful Man-of-War

ON THE principal deck was jumbled every type of South American humanity, ranging from pure white to ebony black; dozens of faces showed Indian blood. There were few adults, but boys were everywhere—at the gangway with guns, coiling ropes on the forecastle-head, painting the foremast yards. Every one was barefooted; indeed, the only persons on board wearing shoes were the navigating captain and the gentle General. Certain petty officers exhibited the tags and rags of European soldiery; here was a scarlet *kepi* of French pattern, there a straw head-covering of British Jack fashion. A marmoset sat on the knob of a belaying-pin and scolded because his tether allowed no other sitting-place.

As I was parting with the gallant commander I remarked, "Your marines are rather small, are they not?" He replied, "Yes; most of the men were killed off in the last insurrection. These little fellows don't look up to much, but they fight well, and it is hard to hit 'em. Goodby!"

Then, calling to me as I was crossing the pier to my steamer, the commander of the Cartagena said, "The General hears that the expedition sails positively at four o'clock."

Proceeding to my ship, I reflected upon what I had witnessed, my thoughts dwelling upon the half-eaten melon that was smearing one of the priceless divans in the Sultan's salon, of the tin cup that had contained somebody's preserved tomatoes but was at that moment hanging from the faucet of the wonderful water-tank, of the imprisoned canary and the captive marmoset, and of the captain's flannel neck-muffler. Summing all these things up, I realized the awful truthfulness of General Sherman's words that "War is hell."

And the barefooted lads, staggering under rifles made for men! I wondered what the Gerry Society would do if they attempted to take part in a spectacular drama in Broadway.

In a short time a message reached me to the effect that, owing to the lateness and the possibility of getting favorable news from General Reyes at Washington, it had been decided not to sail until the next day.

The expedition sailed finally, and the four hundred and fifty soldiers, ammunition, cattle and bags of rice were landed on undisputed Colombian soil, a hundred miles southwest from Cartagena, on the fourth of December. The spot selected for disembarking, near the mouth of the Atrato River, on the Gulf of Darien, was considered one advantageous, no doubt, from which to inaugurate an invasion of Panama independently of that portion of the isthmus covered by the "traffic protection" treaty with the United States. And it is this diminutive expeditionary force that for weeks has figured so extensively in cablegrams treating of isthmian affairs. In one dispatch from Colon the expedition has turned back, after meeting with failure; then a week later the United States cruiser Atlanta found it near the Atrato, and the amenities between the American naval officers and the Colombians were described at length. Later, Rear-Admiral Glass, from Panama, advised the Navy Department that this expedition or another had "moved north" in the Cartagena.

Financially weak, impoverished and excitable as they are, it is well to remember that the Colombians possess the sovereign right to do things in their own way and in keeping with their means and opportunities. They have the unquestioned privilege of making a military expedition take unto itself characteristics of *opéra bouffe*, and to transport troops from one point to another within their own domain in ships picked up even in junk-shops. The Colombians are unfortunate, but patriotism goes as far with them as with any people on earth. Their desire to bring a seceding department back to the family fold is natural and reasonable; every American should appreciate this feeling. To be weak is not a crime; but to stand mutely by without taking steps looking to the restoration of Panama, by diplomacy or by force, would condemn the Colombians to universal contempt. The department in all probability is forever lost to Colombia—and the cause of human progress is going to be advanced if this is the fact. Colombia is in an unhappy position consequently, for no misfortune to a nation compares with the loss of territory. Proportionately, it is as deplorable to the Colombians to lose

(Concluded on Page 22)

Curious Whims of Wild Creatures

Notes from the Field Book of a Professional Hunter

By NAT WETZEL

ONE of the first things to fire me with a strong curiosity about the habits of animals and birds occurred when I was a small boy living in a wild and mountainous region. My way to school led me through a hickory grove. The snowfall had been very heavy and in this grove the snow was not less than three feet deep. Some distance before me a gray squirrel frisked and capered over the crust. Suddenly he stopped in an open space and began to dig with great energy. In a moment he disappeared. I halted in my tracks to see if he would come up out of the hole he had made. Instantly he reappeared with a hickory-nut in his mouth. Without leaving the edge of the hole he deftly nibbled his way into the heart of the nut and took out its meat. Then I asked myself questions.

How did the squirrel know just where to drill his little well so that it should lead directly to the nut buried under three feet of snow? Had he previously buried the nut and in some way marked its location before the fall of the snow? Evidently this was not the answer to the puzzle, for the squirrel had sunk his shaft in an open expanse where not a branch or bushtop obtruded from the deep bank of snow. Had he simply gone down to the ground and then scurried about until he found the nut? The time he had been under the snow was so short that this was clearly impossible. This incident stuck in my mind and I puzzled over it from that time forward. Every time after that when I came across a squirrel-hole in the snow I noticed that there were always shells about its rim—proving that the little creature had never failed to find the nut for which he bored. Time and again I have watched this winter forage and always with the same conclusion: that the fox squirrels and gray squirrels—the two species that do not lay up a winter's hoard of nuts—have either a peculiar sense of locality or an abnormally acute sense of smell, enabling them to detect the presence and exact location of a nut hid under a thick blanket of snow. Possibly the mystery of how this is done has been solved by men of science, but I have not yet come across a woodsman who has been able to read me the riddle.

PAUSING LITERALLY TO LAUGH AT THE DOGS

This acute sense of locality is by no means, however, confined to these two kinds of squirrels. Any boy living in a locality where "coney" rabbits are common may readily prove this statement. Let him start out with his dog when the ground is covered with a blanket of snow so deep that the crust shows a dead level and gives no hint of the little irregularities of the ground surface below. Of course, the rabbit may be started from a point that will allow him to get back to the hole from which he came out; but if he is driven by the dog in another direction and across open ground, he will suddenly stop short and begin to dig furiously. By the time the dog reaches his halting-place the rabbit has disappeared under the snow.

If the boy takes the trouble, in order to learn something of the little "coney's" ways, to dig down to the ground he will find that the shaft dug by the rabbit leads directly to a woodchuck hole in which the rabbit has safely retreated. This species of cottontail does not make burrows for himself but lives in the holes made by ground-hogs and other animals that are not his natural enemies. When the instinct by which the gray squirrel locates the nut buried under the level snow is explained we shall probably understand, also, how the "coney" rabbit is able to burrow through a great depth of snow and strike a woodchuck's winter quarters.

But the limits of animal intelligence are sharply bounded. Almost every animal has his peculiar points of stupidity as well as of cleverness. The raccoon is a good example in point. Not even the fox is more shrewd and resourceful in eluding pursuit by dogs and hunters than is the 'coon; but it is scarcely possible to set a trap so blunderingly that a coon will not fall into it if he once gets after the bait. Yet of all American animals the 'coon seems to have the keenest sense of humor, and he doesn't hesitate to indulge it even in the face of danger. One of his pet tricks, when chased by dogs, is to run the top rail of a stake-and-rider fence, pausing now and then literally to laugh at the dogs floundering about trying to pick up the lost scent. Then, seemingly just to play with his baying pursuers, he will leap off into an open field and cut a wide circle, returning to the very point at which he left the fence. Once on the top rail again he will continue

his course until the dogs have struck his circle and are making the welkin ring with their delight at having recovered the lost scent. This gives the 'coon his opportunity and he doubles back on his top-rail track, passing his pursuers, who have their eyes and noses too close upon the trail to notice him on his elevated point of vantage. In a leisurely and comical way he will retrace his course to his original starting point or to the hollow tree in which he makes his home. And yet, as I have said, this same 'coon will blunder into a trap that a blind cat would have sense enough to avoid.

Those boys and men who live in a bear country have the opportunity of studying one of the most interesting and whimsical of all wild animals. Bruin is as shrewd as he is ungainly, and his resourcefulness is a matter of continual astonishment to those who make a close study of his habits. In fact, only the man who really knows bears is able to believe the anecdotes of cunning that are told about every campfire. The most astonishing example of sagacity on the part of a bear of which I have had personal knowledge was in Arkansas, which has some of the best black-bear country left in the West. Mr. Hedden, a native of the particular locality in question, is one of the most successful trappers of whom I know. One day he found that a big double-spring bear-trap had been sprung and carried off. A three-pronged iron drag-hook was attached to the short trap-chain, and as this was drawn along by the captive bear the ground was plowed up in a way that made the trail easy to follow. What astonished Hedden was the fact that, instead of attempting to retreat into the depths of the cane brake, the bear had made for the open. Knowing how the heavy three-pronged drag-hook must have hindered the movements of the captive, the trapper expected momentarily to come in sight of his game. But every turn of the trail brought him fresh disappointment. He followed the drag for about a mile when he came on a sight that made his eyes bulge with wonder. Not in all his years of hunting and trapping had he ever seen the equal of the spectacle that there met his eyes. Hanging from a stout limb of a tree was the bear-trap—but the bear was gone! In the teeth of the trap were hairs and fragments of flesh torn from Bruin in the drop by which he had effected his liberty. Some readers may hesitate to accept the theory that the bear deliberately climbed into the tree and then dropped as a means of tearing his limb loose from the trap, but it would be impossible to convince Mr. Hedden or any other man of large experience in bear trapping that such a conclusion is not fully warranted.

"You see," reasoned Mr. Hedden, in explaining the incident, "that old fellow had probably been caught in a lighter trap before and had pulled out; but this one was extra strong. He had found out in hauling that clog for a mile that the drag would catch. Maybe he didn't reason it all out, but somehow he just knew that if he could climb up in a tree, cross over a big limb and then drop, the drag would catch there, too, and his weight, in the sudden fall, would tear his leg loose, when no amount of steady pulling would set him free."

Though I shall not attempt to insist on the logic of this reasoning I can vouch for the authenticity of the incident.

For hours at a time I have waited in a convenient ambush and watched Bruin at his favorite sport of wild-hog killing. The woods and cane-brakes of Arkansas and Texas are full of wild hogs. These droves are of the regular domestic razorback variety, but have roamed the woods so long that they are as wild as peccaries. Invariably Bruin does his hog-hunting on the banks of a stream where the hogs come to drink and wallow. Naturally the hogs do not go out into the deeper water, but keep in the mire of a shallow place. I recall one wallow where, hid in a neighboring treetop, I saw an old she-bear lay in a supply of wild pork that would have given a Cracker family a week of high living. Mrs. Bruin found the "lay of the land" entirely to her liking. Promptly she secreted herself in the bushes and waited for her prey. Along came a drove of the snarling, squealing razorbacks rushing down to the wallow. They had barely landed in the soft mud when, like a flash of lightning, a big paw darted out from the bushes and sent a fine pig flying into the pool beyond. As the drove made a rush for the underbrush the bear made for the water, seized the floundering pig in her arms and quickly squeezed the life out of it, finally dragging it back to shore beside the wallow. There she rested for a few minutes and then started away for her lair. Since then I have seen the same thing done several times, clearly establishing the fact that the bear deliberately knocked its prey of this kind into the water because it could there finish the work of hog-killing with greater certainty.

Generally speaking, the male bear is a big, fat coward and will run, unless cornered or wounded. On the other hand, the female is lean and a fighter, especially when with cubs. Both these facts I have learned by hard experience. When a boy of about twelve years I was allowed to accompany my elders on a deer-hunt in the mountains of Pennsylvania. The men permitted me to carry a little old muzzle-loading shotgun and stationed me at a point of the trail, in Cowbell Hollow, where they felt reasonably sure I should see no game.

My station was on the top of a large rock, near the trail, where I could see for a considerable distance in every direction save one—that directly back of the rock, where the undergrowth was dense. After waiting for about an hour, listening to the distant baying of the dogs higher up the mountainside, I suddenly heard the cracking of a twig behind me. Turning abruptly, I looked into the stolcal face of a huge old male bear, only a few yards away. Naturally my first inclination was to run—and my second was to shoot. I reasoned that if I ran the old bear, who evidently had his "dander up," would chase me. But, on the other hand, I was familiar enough with guns to realize that the old shotgun I carried would little more than send a charge through the thick hide of Bruin and that he would be doubly furious and savage if wounded. Between these two predicaments I did the only sensible thing under the circumstances—simply sat stock still and stared the bear out of countenance.

How long we exchanged stares I am unable to say, but to me it seemed an hour. Finally, however, Bruin dropped down on all fours and slowly took his way back through the underbrush. By the time the hunters came down the trail, bringing a fine buck with them, I was stiff from sitting in an unchanged position—but I felt that I had learned more about bears than had ever been told me.

THE DROP BY WHICH HE HAD EFFECTED HIS LIBERTY

Nothing in connection with wild game is more interesting than the treatment of the young and the surprisingly tender age at which the main characteristics of the species are developed. A fawn, for example, will run like a rabbit two hours after its birth, and I have repeatedly seen young quail and prairie-chickens scamper to cover while still wet from the shell—in fact, while particles of the shell from which they were just hatched still stuck to their backs. This, however, does not seem quite so remarkable as the feats performed by wild ducklings fresh from the shell.

Once I watched the manœuvres of a wood-duck and her downy little brood, and I was never better entertained. Almost immediately after the last fledgling had been hatched the old duck took one of them in her bill and flew from her nest in a tree to a secluded cove a few rods away. When about six feet above the surface of the water she dropped the little ball of down. It fell with a splash into the stream, fluttered for a moment and then dove beneath the surface, reappearing under the shelter of an overhanging bush. Meantime, the mother duck was busy bringing another duckling from the nest and dropping it in the same manner. Each one began its water life by taking a dive and all came to the surface under the same bush. The entire brood would be peacefully riding the water when I would appear; instantly they would go down, only to come up again under the shelter of the overhanging foliage.

Young squirrels, especially those of the fox and gray varieties, seem to be somewhat timid on their first appearance outside the home nest, and consequently their introduction to the world is usually by maternal force.

Time and again I have watched the manœuvres of the mother initiating her little household into the mysteries of the treetop. She backs out of the nest and pulls her squealing infant out by the scruff of its neck. Judging by the plaintive sounds that the young squirrel makes, this process is anything but pleasant. Then, too, the little fellow clings tight to the limb as if in terror of falling. The first one out of the nest is deposited some distance out on the nearest available limb, and no sooner is he safely stationed than the mother scampers back and drags another protesting young one into the sunlight.

This process is repeated until the last of the squealing, squirming brood is, for the first time, out of the hollow tree trunk. Then the mother squirrel stations herself on the limb between her young and the nest.

That this is to prevent the little ones from retreating into the house there seems no doubt.

Quails fly to their roost on the ground, never walk. No game bird ever walks out of its nest, but always rises direct on the wing. This, of course, is a precaution against the possibility of being trailed by some prowling enemy.

In the winter partridges "nest down" under the snow. Here, again, they display their cunning. Repeatedly I have watched a partridge take its dive into the deep snow, plunging at a sharp angle instead of straight down. The moment the bird strikes the ground it pushes back under the snow almost in the direction from which its flight started.

As the bear has his "biting tree" and the stag his "scrape," so the cock partridge has his "drumming-log," where he struts with spread tail and beats his breast with his wings. So long as a cock partridge is sounding this roll-call the hunter may approach without fear of disturbing him—for his eyes are tightly shut while his wings are beating. But the moment his drumming ceases his eyes pop open, and the wise hunter will instantly check his approach and wait for the wings to begin their thumping before again advancing.

Prairie cocks, too, have their regular "crowing grounds" and wild turkey gobblers their "stomping grounds." One of the most exciting spectacles that the Arkansas hunter can hope to witness is a battle between two old gobblers. These bronzed knights of the forest put up a battle royal. A fight between two fine specimens of the king of American game birds is fiercer than a contest between stags.

Of all the male game birds the wild gander is the only one compelled to help in the hatching of a family. From the time the first egg is laid he organizes himself into a home guard and does faithful patrol duty until the young are ready to leave the nest. An unarmed man might better attack a buzz saw than a wild gander on guard duty.

The Hub of the Political Wheel

Both Democrats and Republicans Centre Their Hopes on New York

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

IT IS only fair to state that I am not without some glimmy knowledge of this country and the political innocence of its inhabitants. Wherefore I make no doubt that there be guileless multitudes who believe that their public agents—that is to say, members of Congress, Cabinet people and what other human cogs and wheels and springs and ratchets combine to make the Government—are just now wholly and patriotically seduious over trusts, currency, appropriations, tariffs, armies, navies, diplomacies, canals and what other subjects of communal interest they were sent to Washington to solve. There are farmers, as this is written, with frosty fingers pulling down the fodder for their herds, who embrace this honest theory, to say naught of that army of the dinner-pail, turning out in the dark to snatch a hurried breakfast and get to the factory before the whistle blows.

Now, I would no more discourage these good, albeit blinded, people than I would discourage my own heart's blood, but I am driven to say that such notions are the sublimation of all fallacy. So far as one owns ears to hear and eyes to see, and may therefore form a judgment, with almost the single exception of Mr. Roosevelt—who seems to possess a public purpose and the resolution to stick for it—every one of the gentry noticed is either dodging those questions, or taking thereon a position of timid pro or con, with a no higher thought to be his motive than the selection of his party's Presidential candidate and the triumph of that party at the polls.

The Lonely Patriot

TO BE particular, every speech or private pow-wow, whether it occur on the floors of Congress, in the cloakrooms or in the lobbies of the hotels, has politics, Presidential politics, for its obvious or hidden object. And, continuing to be particular, every conversation, with the last word, resolves itself into a consideration of New York. The Platts, the Odells, the Hills, the Stanchfields, the McCarrens, the Sullivans, the Murphys, the McClellans and Tammany Hall, with the Morgans, the Harrimans, the Rockefellers and the Goulds for a financial background, are all paraded with a deal of verbal flourish, for it is by them our cunning ones declare that the nation's next four years must be determined. It is the belief of these prophets that New York is to settle the coming Presidency. And since the best informed contend that the city of New York will carry with it the State, a final interest descends upon the town itself. New York State is the door which will open or close the way to the White House, with New York City as that hinge whereon the door must swing. Thus speak the seers.

Of course, for our publicists thus to abandon a public for a party welfare is rank partisanship and not patriotism; but what then? "The fool's a patriot in every age," sang Pope, and it would seem that our statesmen believe with the little hunchback of Twickenham. Frankly, patriotism is one of the rarest exhibitions at the Capital, while partisanship, on the hard other hand, is as common as the asphalt of the Avenue.

Once there came to Washington a member of Congress—marvelous to relate, he was from Chicago—who had counted the ballots behind him and believed that his opponent was truly elected by forty-two votes. His opponent, the son of a former Secretary of War who fell heir to trouble in a day when we went more into particulars than we do now, had filed a contest. The member with the seat, believing as aforesaid, was so much the slave of principle that, without waiting for a hearing, he drew a resolution to unseat himself, and asked the committee on elections instantly to report it for passage through the House. A patriotism so surprising, an integrity so unique, brought the House to its feet; and, while the resolution was adopted, there went with it a second resolution commemorating House amazement that so keen a sense of honor and so feather-edged a patriotism should have ever gained a foothold in that body. This is cited as showing how seldom comes the abstract patriot to town, and what honorable excitement his advent raises when his presence is once known. Not a least element of the strange in this story sleeps in the fact that the member who thus unseated himself was born in Ireland. And, lest we deprive history of what gilt is honestly its due, I ought to add that the member's name was Lawrence McGann.

The Objecting Secretary

ONE more patriot, besides, have I encountered in my day. He was a Cabinet officer, a Secretary of Agriculture, and his failing was this: Once he discovered a robber or a robbery he couldn't keep it a secret. That held him in perennial hot water, and more than once became a source of horror to his party.

In his first report he recommended that his department be abolished. In the end he was prevailed upon to expunge this.

"We are bunched together to administer these departments, not destroy them," urged his chief, and he yielded to persuasion—the more readily, perhaps, since he knew that his suggestion would be inevitably declined.

Throughout his term he was an objector to waste, pillage and departmental blood-sucking, and came to be much respected and but little loved. He objected when his Fish Commission took steamboat and seine and an army of men, and combed the Potomac for roe-shad at an expense of sixty dollars a shad, when fish for the purpose might have been purchased at the market for fifteen cents apiece. He objected when the Government bought thirty-one thousand dollars' worth of those garden seeds wherewith Congressmen blandish their constituents, and then paid fifty-two thousand dollars in salaries for the work of distributing the same. He objected when the whole expense of a beef and pig inspection, carried on for the benefit of Germany, and whereof the first effects were to send the good meat to Germany while retaining the bad for ourselves, amounted to twenty-nine dollars for every one hundred dollars' worth of meat thus exported. He objected when the expense bill of a covey of scientists soared above twenty thousand dollars for the capture of an obscure and excessively useless bug. They chased the insect to Yukon and then to Panama, and at last laid hands upon it in the very District of Columbia. He objected—but why multiply a list? No, let his name sleep. He is dead now, this Secretary; and the Administration he served is dead.

But, as I was saying, every Washington future-piercer is turning his eyes on New York City. That town, so he claims, is the hub of events to come. By its next autumn's majority must be won and lost the White House. And this is the word of all men, whether they be Democrats or Republicans, and whether in the train of Mr. Hanna or Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Parker or Mr. Gorman.

For myself, were I a Republican, I should not be in a hurry to concede this importance to New York. More than one Republican President has found himself inaugurated without the help of that State, and a future may repeat a past. The Democrats have better reason for the hope—or is it the fear—within them. It stands patent even to the blind that although the Republicans might succeed without New York, there exists no such flattering possibility to cheer the Democrats upon their winding way.

Tammany Hall and the White House

ACCEPTING the above as truth, one who doesn't stand so close to either party as to cheat himself of a fair survey will see nothing save clouds ahead for the Democrats. Take it as fact that the Democracy, to triumph, must carry New York State, and carry it by its majority in the city of New York. Consider now what are present New York City conditions. Consider, by the light of local history, their promise for next fall.

Those who would suck comfort from a present possession of New York City by the Democrats should remember that such possession, within the memory of the oldest man, has ever redounded to the disaster of the party in power. It may have money-fattened individuals, but to own New York politically has never failed to mean a falling-off of party strength.

Tammany has the town. Now, who are those to have Tammany? For, as we have witnessed by the wagging of prophetic beards, it lies with such folk to save or lose November's Democratic day. It is for Democrats at the National Capital, and for Democrats abroad in the land, I write this, since, if here be their hope, then here abides their peril also.

As a first proposal, the city Democracy—Tammany—will gain no advantage from anything its Congressional delegation can do. With the exception of Mr. Sulzer, they are one and all tail-enders—Congressionally, of course—impressive only for inconsequence and a newness so new that it still wears the price-mark of its seat. Mr. Sulzer is the sole figure of age or committee position; and though I have nothing worse than respect for Mr. Sulzer as one honest and industrious, candor compels the concession that, as a force of partisan war, Mr. Sulzer is about as lethal as a feather pillow.

And I like Mr. Sulzer, too; since merely to look upon him is to trim the wick of pleasant memories. Once, in my far-off Buckeye boyhood, I owned a shepherd dog. He was an ardent, zealous, optimistic dog, and in looking for a woodchuck would turn bottom up any forty-acre meadow any August afternoon. But there was this drawback to the dog which impaired his market value. His very zeal was a defect. After he had dug out a woodchuck for a couple of hours I had to get a spade and dig out my dog. The sight of Mr. Sulzer always recalls me to that friend of my youth, and in that way has framed for him a warm and tolerant corner in my regard. No; Tammany in the city will win no reenforcement from anything its Congressmen may do; wherefore, in transacting one's conclusions as to what will chance next fall, it isn't worth one's while to roam beyond a quartette local to the city and whose names now stand for Tammany's control. Those names, I need not say, are Mr. Croker, Mr. Sullivan—he of Congress—Mr. Murphy and Mr. McClellan.

The Real Boss of Tammany Hall

BROADLY stated, the first Tammany condition is one of foreign landlordism. Mr. Croker holds the Tammany fee and has made a lease of the organization to Mr. Sullivan.

Men innocent of Tammany and its peculiarities will ask how these conditions of foreign landlordism could have been brought about? Or, being about, how they could then continue? Step two years to the rear, please.

Two years ago Mr. Croker, then as now, owned the Tammany fee-simple. But in that day he farmed his domain through the aid of hired men. While he was in England, Mr. Sullivan, who was and is the chief of a powerful sept which has its home in the fastnesses of the lower East Side, drove off Mr. Croker's farmhands—being Mr. Carroll and others—and took possession. Mr. Croker has no imagination. Away in England, he never dreamed of this. He came ashore on his return as ignorant of local affairs as was Henry Hudson. It was as though Mr. Sullivan had caught his chief in swimming and stolen his clothes.

Mr. Croker realized the inevitable. Moreover, if he could but deal with the vigorous Mr. Sullivan, he would be as well pleased with the new order as he had been with the old. Mr. Croker for long had been tired of the activities and the strifes of the position. And thus it befell that, after a clash and a bicker, Mr. Croker and Mr. Sullivan made their deal.

There is, you say, a question still abroad: Why, when Mr. Sullivan is now happily rid of Mr. Croker, does he not throw him overboard? Mr. Sullivan is what his people would term "a square man." Moreover, he knows that such a course would invoke destruction. No; Mr. Croker could not retake Tammany. But he could uproot Mr. Sullivan. Destruction is easy, though construction is hard. A day laborer, in even hours, will throw down more masonry than a thousand skilled artisans can lay. On Cherry Hill they have a proverb. It gallops to this effect: "It takes a wise guy to run a faro bank, but any sucker can get it pinched." Mr. Croker could not regain possession of the boat; but he could capsize it, and set Mr. Sullivan and all his crew to swimming for their lives.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of papers from Mr. Lewis on aspects of national politics.

But how is it that Mr. Murphy shines forth as the apparent chief, while the real chief, Mr. Sullivan, stands behind the curtain? This is the solution: Mr. Sullivan is of a nature deeply cautious. Possessing the substance, he prefers that Mr. Murphy should have the shadow. The apparent chief, he who fills the public eye as such, is the year-in target of every ignoble missile that comes to public hand. It is like standing in the pillory where the rabble has power to act.

Mr. Sullivan decided that in the drama of Tammany he did not care to be an actor. He would own the show, but he would conduct it from the box-office. For when an infuriated public drove the actors from the stage the astute Mr. Sullivan would escape. Mr. Sullivan had noticed that no one ever rotten-eggs the box-office. For these reasons, Mr. Murphy steps forward as the acknowledged chief. Mr. Murphy, however, is no more than Mr. Sullivan's mask.

Mr. Sullivan displays finesse and a delicate power in this. Withal, he evinces a better wisdom in his choice of men than Mr. Croker did. Mr. Sullivan does with Mr. Murphy what Mr. Croker sought to do with Mr. Nixon. Mr. Croker set Mr. Nixon up to be the "apparent" chief of Tammany Hall. It was as though Mr. Croker had foolishly placed a dog in the top of a tree. Mr. Nixon fell out. Mr. Nixon knew all about a battleship and nothing about the Bowery. Mr. Nixon understood about twelve-inch guns, but was shamefully ignorant touching the muzzle velocity in politics of a Raines Law hotel. And so Mr. Nixon failed. Mr. Murphy will not fail. Which, as set forth, points to Mr. Sullivan as the superior of Mr. Croker when it comes to the creation of an agent.

Since a major is an important element in regimental formation, and that, too, whether the colonel commanding be either great or small, those trying to settle the Democratic future by solving the future of New York should have at least an outline drawing of Mr. Murphy. Mr. Murphy is of a precise mould and feature with Mr. Sullivan. They are both children of Tammany, and were reared at the Tammany knee. But there is this difference: Mr. McGovern is as much the prize-fighter as Mr. Jeffries, but the two don't belong to the same class. So with Mr. Murphy and Mr. Sullivan; the latter in politics is a heavy-weight, while the other, by comparison, belongs with the feathers.

Mr. Murphy is forty-five, with a smooth and well-kept face. He is taciturn, wordless, and has celebration among the commons of Tammany for this trait of the sphinx. Among shallowests, the greatest repute for wisdom is obtained by never saying a word. They forget that the box that is never opened is the box that contains nothing.

Mr. Murphy passed a commonplace boyhood, albeit he gave proof of a fistic vivacity that on occasions clothed in black the eyes of his young companions. At seventeen years of age Mr. Murphy organized a social club. It was called the Silvian, thus rebuking in its orthography those ignorant who were wont to spell it Sylvan. The Silvian Social Club was one of those strenuous organizations that give picnics on the river, and are met by the ambulance force of the city on their return to the pier. Once the Silvians were launched Mr. Murphy organized the Senators, a baseball club. The Senators did Mr. Murphy credit, and abused the umpire, smashed the ball, and, generally speaking, filled the air with splinters, pigskin and profanity on many a hard-fought field.

When Mr. Murphy decided on a profession he followed lines of least resistance and opened a saloon. Those twin Saharas, the Silvians and the Senators, stood faithfully at Mr. Murphy's bar and were profitable. Their noses waxed red apace, while Mr. Murphy's bank account began to take on fat. Mr. Murphy opened three more saloons. Then—for who may stay the upward march of him who says, "Free beer!"—Mr. Murphy became "leader" of his Assembly District.

Mr. McClellan was made mayor because he lived in Mr. Murphy's district. Of course, Mr. McClellan had to pass the examination of Mr. Sullivan. That great leader saw nothing but good in Mr. McClellan. What was needed was one who when mayor would "take orders." Mr. McClellan seemed the raw material demanded of the hour.

Mr. McClellan was born in Dresden, Germany, in 1865. He came to finish his education at Princeton. Mr. McClellan is short, square, well groomed and smooth of face like his architects, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Sullivan. Also, he is of a decided gentility both of manners and blood.

Mr. McClellan is personally honest. Not a dollar in Mr. McClellan's pocket is marked with a stain. All of which might be said of a jellyfish. I repeat that Mr. McClellan is personally honest.

Mr. McClellan has been many years a member of Tammany Hall. Mr. Croker came after him. Mr. Croker dearly loved to have about him a handful of aristocrats. He thought it looked well; and he stuck them about in organization nooks and corners, where they resembled geraniums in the windows of a tenement house.

When Mr. Croker spread his arms to Mr. McClellan, that young gentleman did not rush into them. He paused to consider; then he sought advice. He conferred with the Livingstons and the Belmonts, who were of his caste.

"Could a young gentleman of family and fashion, acting for his best advantage, join Tammany Hall?" That was the question.

The Livingstons and the Belmonts said he could. It would no more soil his nature than the mudhole soils the duck. And they pointed to what delicious tadpoles and frogs of more than usual succulence were the regale of the mudhole duck.

Mr. McClellan, overcome by the simile, joined Tammany Hall. He has gone with the organization since that hour like a chrysanthemum in the lapel of a bricklayer.

Mr. McClellan has held sundry offices. He has been secretary of a bridge board, member of the Board of Aldermen and Representative in Washington. He never introduced but one original measure: that was an ordinance to regulate hack fares. It did not pass; it seemed to strike something and glance off.

Aboard a liner one will encounter men who are natural-born sailors—as natural to the sea as dolphins. Also, one will find men who are natural-born passengers. These latter wouldn't know the capstan from the binnacle; and yet their staterooms have been paid for from their cradles. They were born to occupy them, and are as naturally aboard the ship as any tarry seaman of them all. It is the same in politics. There is a class that sails the party, and must hand and reef and steer and keep the deck through every storm. And there is the candidate or passenger class. These latter are always aboard—first cabin, second cabin or steerage; and it is they who hold the offices without standing any watch.

It is to this passenger or candidate class that such as Mr. Depew and Mr. McClellan belong. Their great characteristic is an eloquent lack of force. They don't "work" the party on its course, they simply go along; they never give an order, and would be stared at if they did.

What was said in a recent paper as to an appetite and an ambition of politics applies to these. Ambition is a captain, appetite a camp follower. Mr. McClellan is one who has only an appetite for office. He will never head a movement. Still less will he oppose one.

Likewise, Mr. McClellan, as I have said aforetime of Mr. Parker, has the best features of a canal. He is narrow, even, currentless, with a mental fall of two feet in the mile. He lives conservatively between his banks; and he is not so foolishly lucid that he shows one how shallow he is. Just a trifle thick, he looks to the casual eye as deep as the skies be high. Any six-foot query, however, will find his bottom.

Still, as was pointed out, that timid, slim and shallow mediocrity, comparable to a canal, is not to be despised. It will not be the Mississippi, truly; it will sweep away no bridges; it will overflow no regions round about; no navies will battle on its bosom; the world in its giant commerces will not make of it a thoroughfare. But it means safety and victory for its little special selfish enterprises. And so with Mr. McClellan.

And now you wonder why I am going over all this territory in an inquiry as to whether the Democrats or the Republicans are to carry New York. Be patient: like the Apache who was found pulling on a pair of trousers over his head, I am only trying to get at the matter in my own way. Our Washington gray ones have said that as goes New York State so shall go the country; and in closing they make the State depend on Democratic results in the city of New York. I have drawn you pictures of those who are in control of both Tammany and the town, to the end that you might evolve your own conclusions as to how far one should expect them, in their conduct of affairs, to lend the party strength.

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THE MISHAPS OF GENTLE JANE

By CAROLYN WELLS

The Naughty Automobile

Gentle Jane went for a ride.
But the automobile shied;
Threw the party all about—
Somehow, Jane felt quite put out.

The Carnivorous Bear

Gentle Jane went walking, where
She espied a Grizzly Bear;
Flustered by the quadruped
Gentle Jane just lost her head.

The Rude Train

Last week Tuesday, gentle Jane
Met a passing railroad train;
"Ah, good-afternoon," she said;
But the train just cut her dead.

The Cold, Hard Lake

Gentle Jane went out to skate;
She fell through at half-past eight.
Then the lake, with icy glare,
Said, "Such girls I cannot bear."

The Careless Niece

Once her brother's child, for fun,
Pointed at her aunt a gun.
At this conduct of her niece's
Gentle Jane went all to pieces.

The Calm Steam-Roller

In the big steam-roller's path
Gentle Jane expressed her wrath.
It passed over. After that
Gentle Jane looked rather flat.

THE MADE-UP PHOTOGRAPH AND THE MILLIONAIRE

AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE STORY

By William Hamilton Osborne

THE well-dressed man stood uncertainly for a moment and looked up at the brownstone house. It was the house in which young Schuyler Van Twiller, of the Borough of Manhattan, lived his hitherto solitary life.

"I guess," said the well-dressed stranger, "that now is as good a time as any. I'll try him on."

He ascended the steps and touched the bell. A man in livery responded.

"Mr. Van Twiller in?" inquired the stranger. The retainer shook his head solemnly.

"He is not, sir," he answered respectfully; "he is very seldom in, nowadays, sir, between eight and eleven."

"I might have known that," returned the stranger. "Of course. I forgot. Will it be possible for me to see him to-night?"

The servant was puzzled. This man did not look like a reporter. He might be a man of business.

"Well, sir," said the servant doubtfully, "I don't know as he'd care to be disturbed to-night, but I will say that if you come back about a quarter to eleven you're like to find him in."

The stranger nodded. "I'll come back," he said. "My card," and left. The servant read the card.

"Mr. John Smith" was all it said. The servant laid it on the top of a multitude of cards. He sighed with weariness. "Gee," he exclaimed, "I'll be glad when it's all over."

The servant's weariness was due to the fact that the Van Twiller house had been besieged for two weeks or more by all sorts and conditions of men, bent upon all sorts and conditions of errands. It had come to such a pass that, unless a man was exceptionally well dressed, or unless he was a friend of Mr. Van Twiller's, he was packed unceremoniously away.

Mr. John Smith, the stranger, had had an air about him that had impressed the servant, and he had made concessions.

All this unwonted attention was due to the fact that Van Twiller was about to marry. The cards had been sent out two weeks ago, and from the instant that they had been dropped in the mail-box Van Twiller had lived in a state of siege that was paralyzing. Every man in New York wanted to sell him things, make him things, build him things, plan his tours, plan his wardrobe, plan everything. It made him tired.

He was going to marry Miss Helen Standish, the descendant of a Puritan line. She was quite as much besieged as he. But every evening, from eight until half-past ten, Van Twiller and Miss Standish occupied an old-fashioned cozy corner underneath the Standish stairs and refused to come out of it upon any considerations whatsoever. It was not only a tête-à-tête; it constituted their only rest and relaxation from the wearisome job of preparing for a large metropolitan wedding.

It was just half-past ten when Van Twiller left the Standish house and sauntered on toward home. He was about to enter his own house when the stranger touched him on the arm.

"Mr. Van Twiller?" asked the stranger.

"The same," answered Van Twiller.

"I thought—I knew," returned the stranger, "that I could not be mistaken."

There was something insinuating in the stranger's manner that Van Twiller did not like, but, nevertheless, he ushered the man into the house.

"Come in here," he said, entering a dark room at the end of the hall. He touched a button and immediately the room was flooded with light. The stranger started. For it was a strange light—white, almost green. It emanated from a queer-shaped tube on top of young Van Twiller's desk. It was not a bad light: it was a good light; but it had the curious effect of making people's faces look as though they were dead. The stranger, other than noting this for a brief instant, gave it no further attention. He assumed that the light was some new-fangled illuminating contrivance of a scientific character—and, to a large extent, he was right.

However, Van Twiller swung the door shut and motioned the stranger to an armchair.

"What can I do for you?" inquired Van Twiller. The stranger rose and came forward. As he did so he unwrapped a square package which he carried.

IT WAS A STRANGE LIGHT—WHITE, ALMOST GREEN

"Mr. Van Twiller," he said with a confidential smile, "here is a picture that I'd like to have you look at. I want your permission to have it published in the daily press."

Van Twiller took it and looked at it. Then he started up.

"What the deuce——" he exclaimed. The stranger only smiled.

"It's a very *good* picture, as you see," remarked the stranger. It was. Van Twiller had to acknowledge that. But he kept on staring at it, with his eyes almost popping out of his head.

The picture represented the interior of a cheap café. It was a photograph, of course. In the foreground—painfully so—was a small round table. Upon the table was a bottle of champagne. On one side of this table sat a cheap beauty of the café type. She was raising to her lips a glass of wine. She was not alone. On the other side of the small table, clear and distinct as life, sat a young man with a peculiar countenance.

This young man was Mr. Schuyler Van Twiller, the millionaire, the fiancé of Miss Helen Standish.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Mr. Van Twiller once more, still staring at the photograph.

"It's a very clear picture," repeated the stranger gently; "very clear."

Van Twiller looked up. "Go and sit down," he commanded. The stranger obeyed.

Van Twiller put his hand to his head, and thought. No, he had never been anywhere in a place that looked like that. Nor had he ever drunk champagne with a young lady in abbreviated skirts. He was quite clear on that point. Yet here was a photograph which gave the lie, apparently, to his own thoughts.

"It would show up so well in the newspaper," insisted the stranger in his soft voice.

Van Twiller thought some more. Then he looked again at the stranger.

"I was not there when that picture was taken," he said, although he had not intended to enter into any argument. The stranger only smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Neither was I, sir," he replied. "But," he added, "the picture speaks for itself. It is clear as crystal. No one," he went on, "could mistake you."

He was right. Van Twiller had a striking countenance, and his countenance had been admirably reproduced in the picture. Van Twiller rose.

"This—this is blackmail," he exclaimed sharply.

"No, no," cried the stranger, "not at all. I ask you for nothing. All that I desired was your permission to print this in a daily paper. The paper was crazy to get it, without your permission. I said 'No.' I said to the paper, 'We shall ask him first. It is only fair.' The paper," he added significantly, "is willing to pay me seven hundred and fifty dollars for the use of it. I asked them for a thousand. But I ask nothing of you at all—nothing but your permission. Blackmail!—no. I ask no money. You are mistaken. It is not blackmail."

"If I refuse permission," said Van Twiller, "as, of course, I shall do—what then. Eh?"

Again the stranger shrugged his shoulders. "I have been unfortunate," he said; "I need money. I own the picture. The paper offers seven hundred and fifty—it will pay a thousand. I am a poor man. Why should I refuse?"

Van Twiller had heard of this sort of thing before. Now he understood. He doubted not that many of his acquaintances had been approached in this manner, upon the eve of some crisis in their careers—possibly by this same man. Some, doubtless, were assailed with photographs that were really genuine—or, if not genuine, were near enough the truth to appear so. He knew also that this was a pretty safe kind of traffic—especially when it concerned millionaires. For the public at large will believe almost anything of millionaires. And as for his fiancée and her family—why, they knew nothing more of him than they did of a dozen other apparently respectable young men. No matter whether the picture were just or unjust, half the world would believe it—how could they doubt it? The Standish family—well, they would think—what? He didn't know, he wasn't sure. He didn't want to think about that.

Van Twiller knew well enough that there was no newspaper in the case. He knew that the scheme originated in the brain of this man who was before him, and possibly that of an accomplice. But he believed, too, that the man would carry out the veiled threat he had made. There were papers that would not scruple to print a picture of that kind, even at the risk of a humble apology later. The only thing to do was to suppress the picture—that, and that only, was safe.

As for the rest, Van Twiller could see, with his practiced eye, that the picture was made up. He could see, now, that his latest Hall and Merrill photograph had been cleverly inserted and rephotographed into the picture in his hand. It was clever. There was no doubt about that.

Why not touch a button and have this man arrested? No. He dismissed that idea as soon as it was formed. That is just where the fellow's devilish scheme pinched the hardest. This stranger, who, by his looks, was a determined man, would undoubtedly reward arrest by publishing the picture. Van Twiller was right. He would have done so. For he had been arrested once before and had done that very thing, and the charge had been withdrawn, and the picture had been suppressed before it had done any great amount of damage. The stranger was a blackmailer of an unusual sort, and he was ready to see his scheme through to the bitter end. His victim invariably cashed up.

It bothered Van Twiller. It bothered him all the more because he was eminently respectable and had ever been so.

There were two sides to Van Twiller's nature. He had inherited from his father the extremest kind of caution. His father always leaned on the safe side. His mother had bequeathed to him a stubborn, belligerent personality that admitted of no compromise.

"I think that newspaper," said the stranger, "would pay me twelve hundred and fifty dollars—maybe fifteen hundred. Who can tell?"

Van Twiller was about to yield. He said to himself it was best to pay the twelve or fifteen hundred, and be on the safe side. But he looked again at the stranger and his gorge rose. His fighting blood was up. No. He would not yield an inch. He would fight this thing to the bitter end.

He kept on looking at the man. Much as he loathed him, there was something about the fellow that Van Twiller could not help admiring—especially in that greenish-white light of his, which developed in the man's face a ghastly, sinister, devilish look that attracted his attention. It reminded him of Edwin Booth as Iago, or Henry Irving as Mephistopheles.

The man was leaning slightly forward in his chair, and looking toward Van Twiller with a grin. Van Twiller turned to his desk and fumbled with a pad. There was a slight click, so slight that the stranger did not hear it.

If that click meant anything at all, certain it was that nothing palpable had happened. Van Twiller had not summoned the police nor had he summoned a servant. Everything was as it had been before.

Van Twiller looked at his watch. "It is late to-night," he said; "half-past eleven." He watched the man draw his own timepiece from his pocket and verify the hour; he remembered afterward that the man had done this.

"I—I can't decide on this thing to-night," went on Van Twiller; "if you'll give me, say, a day or two."

The man smiled. The fish was hooked. This was the usual routine. Always had his victim tried to squirm out of it by gaining time.

"That is satisfactory," he answered; "any time before—before your—your wedding will suit me."

Van Twiller looked him in the eye. "You want—how much?" he asked.

"I want no money at all," the man repeated (as one who would say, "you cannot catch *me*"). "I say only that the paper will give, say, fifteen hundred dollars, maybe more. The nearer to the wedding," here he smiled again, "why, the more they will give."

Van Twiller laughed, in spite of himself, at the subtle villainy and cleverness of this chap. "Better not wait too long, then," said Van Twiller, "or the paper's price will go way up. Come here again," he continued, "at 10:45 on Friday night. This is Wednesday. Understand?"

The man understood. He went—with his face wreathed in smiles that seemed infernal in the greenish light.

The next morning Van Twiller picked up a morning paper. Its headline was glaring. Well it might be. The County National Bank had been robbed overnight of fifty thousand dollars taken from its vaults by a master hand.

Van Twiller read about it as he ate his breakfast. He had but half finished this same breakfast when an idea occurred to him. He seized his hat and overcoat and rushed into his library. From the top of his desk he took a small, dark leather-bound parcel.

"Sorry," he commented, "for the County National Bank, but it's an ill wind that blows nobody good." He made his way downtown. The bank robberies had been overwhelmingly numerous. The County National was the fourth in line. Van Twiller knew the president of the County National like a book, and he swung into that gentleman's private office with a confident air.

With him he carried that little leathern parcel. For Van Twiller, unknown to his blackmailing friend of the night before, was a clever amateur photographer himself. It was his one fad, his one dissipation. He had spent many dollars on it. Every photograph he took cost him an endless amount of trouble and a goodly sum of money before it was finished to his satisfaction.

"But the time has not yet come," said Van Twiller to himself, "when I can afford to spend fifteen hundred dollars upon just one picture. Not by a long shot."

Perhaps, if the blackmailer had known about this avocation of Van Twiller's he would not have been so confident the night before. But Van Twiller knew that his own bare knowledge of photography would not relieve the situation. If the public could not see that a picture had been made up what matter if he knew it? But this bent of Van Twiller's now explained the greenish-white light of the night before. It was one of those new tube-lights that go far ahead of the solar light itself—a light meant, before all things, for perfect photography. This fad also explained the little click that had sounded on the night before. For Van Twiller had carried his fad so far that he photographed every man who called on him. He seated every visitor in that immovable armchair about ten feet from his desk, and took, not one, but four, pictures of him, by means of cameras skillfully arranged in his desk and in the walls. These pictures consisted of a front, back and two side views. And they were perfect. Van Twiller, in fact, was such an artist and had such a complete outfit that Hall and Merrill frequently called him into consultation on exceptionally delicate work.

The president of the County National Bank swung about in his chair.

"Hello, Van Twiller, old chap," he said cordially. He caught sight of the little leather case. "I see, I see," he went on, "you are on the trail of something good. You are not after me, but after the bank."

"Right," returned Van Twiller. "I want to get a shot at the safe wrecked by the gang last night. Great, wasn't it?"

"Great," answered the president, "to the tune of fifty thousand. Yes. But the thing has got to stop. The police say this chap—it's one man, not a gang—is a professional of the very slickest kind. But, by George! they can't lay their hands on him. He certainly is slick."

Van Twiller nodded. "I'm hot to get a picture of that safe," he said. "When I get it, it will be the only one of its kind I have. Can I have it?"

The president laughed good-naturedly. "I believe, Van Twiller," he responded as he pushed open the inside door, "that you'd crack a safe yourself just to get a photo of it, if you could."

On Friday night Van Twiller left the Standish home earlier than usual, and he was swinging impatiently at his desk when his own bell rang. It was his man—the card sent in bore the name of Mr. John Smith.

"Show him in," said Van Twiller.

Smith—if that be his name—entered the room. He had a smile of triumph on his face, which still looked devilish in that green light.

Van Twiller lit a cigar. "Sit down, Mr. Smith," he said. Smith sat down. Van Twiller puffed away.

"YOU'D CRACK A SAFE YOURSELF JUST TO GET A PHOTO OF IT"

"Well," he finally drawled, "did you sell that picture to the paper?" His tone nettled the fellow.

"I am waiting for you," returned Smith sharply.

Van Twiller swung around. "Now, see here, Smith," he said, "I'm not going to beat the devil about the stump. You want me to buy this picture. Is that it?"

Smith, without opening his mouth, and looking about the room to make sure that no listener was present, nodded to signify his assent.

"You want me to pay fifteen hundred dollars for it. Is that right?"

Again Smith nodded. Van Twiller smiled and drew out a banknote.

"I'll give you," he said, "just five dollars for it, and not a cent more. Understand?"

Smith rose. He frowned. "The price," he exclaimed, "is now two thousand."

"I'll pay you just five dollars," reiterated Van Twiller; "it's worth that as a curiosity. I want it because it's very clever work. Otherwise it's not worth a cent to me. Let me see it."

Smith handed it over. Van Twiller looked at it. "Suppose," he said inanely, "suppose I should destroy it?"

"I have the negative," returned the blackmailer; "destroy it if you will."

Van Twiller rose. "It's clever work," he remarked again; "mighty clever." He drew out another square. "But I can assure you, Mr. Smith, that it is not a marker to *that one*. Look at that." He tossed it over.

Smith looked at it. Van Twiller smiled. He knew that Smith was turning pale, although the green light could not show it.

"What in thunder's this?" gasped Smith.

Van Twiller once more sat down. His cigar had gone out. He lit it afresh. "Mr. Smith," he said, "two nights ago the County National Bank, of this city, was cracked and robbed of fifty thousand dollars. It was a clever job, and the thief has not yet been caught. He will be, though. For, very fortunately, a private watchman of the bank snapshotted that same thief just after the explosion. See? No, don't look at me. Look at the picture."

Smith looked at the picture. It was a picture startling in its clearness. It represented a huge bank safe, with its door blown out and, lying on the floor, some of the wreckage strewn about. That was simple enough. But the wonderful thing about it was that just inside the safe, leaning forward in a half-crouching position, was a man apparently about to place his hand upon his booty. That man was none other than the man who now looked upon the picture—the man of the name of John Smith. That man gasped again.

"What—what does it mean?" asked this man Smith.

Van Twiller puffed away. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know what it means," he answered, "except that it was a clever piece of work——"

"The—the photograph?" asked Smith.

"No, no," said the millionaire; "the robbery."

Suddenly the face of John Smith brightened. "But, by George!" he exclaimed, "I don't care how cleverly this thing has been done. I wasn't anywhere near that—that bank. I could show the police that——"

"Who," asked Mr. Van Twiller, "said anything about the police? I certainly did not."

"If," went on Mr. Smith, "anybody saw this picture, and thought it was me, I certainly could prove an alibi. I haven't been downtown at night for a year."

"You *might* have been downtown that night, you know," went on Van Twiller in his turn. He leaned forward. "Are you quite sure, Mr. Smith, that you were *not* downtown at eleven o'clock on Wednesday night? That is the night and hour that the robbery took place."

"Eleven o'clock on Wednesday night," mused Smith, still looking at the photograph. "Why, why!" he exclaimed, "of course I was not downtown. I was here, right in this room, with you. What's more, you know it, too."

Van Twiller had smoked out his first cigar. Slowly, and with elaborate care, he lit a fresh one.

"Mr. Smith," he drawled with great deliberation, "did you—did you expect to prove that alibi—*by me?*"

Van Twiller frowned. "In ten minutes," he said, ringing a bell, "that photograph goes into the hands of the police around the corner, and with it goes the information that your movements that night cannot be accounted for."

Smith drew a deep breath. He rose. He bowed to Van Twiller. "You're a deep one," he said to the millionaire; "a devilish deep one. I succumb."

"Will you send around the negative of that—that newspaper picture—in the morning?" asked Van Twiller.

Smith nodded. "I'll tell the paper," he said smiling, "that you refuse your permission. Is that right?"

"That," returned Van Twiller, "is right—dead right." He handed out a cigar. "You may as well keep that bank photograph," he added; "it will help you to remind yourself of—of me."

The servant opened the door. "Did you ring, sir?" he inquired.

"Preston," said Van Twiller, "will you kindly escort Mr. John Smith to the—the outer air! Good-night."

FOLLOWING THE CIRCUS

By Arthur E. McFarlane

A TYPICAL BEAST MAN

IN THE MENAGERIE

SHOWMEN will tell you that there are individual exceptions to all animal character. The zebra is supposed to be the least tamable of the non-carnivorous beasts of the field. He is, if anything, more unpleasant as a companion than the great cat whom he most resembles in his markings. In the circus phrase, "he will eat a man." And when, on a certain never-to-be-forgotten occasion, Gleason, the horse-trainer, announced that he was going to make an attempt to break one, a mighty crowd came to see the exhibition.

The beast was brought into the arena roped and bound fore and aft and amidships. Gleason stood over six foot and was broad in proportion, while the zebra happened to be an unusually small one, scarcely larger, indeed, than a Mexican burro. But consider the nature of the brute! One by one the attendants gingerly jerked loose their tackle and ran for the exits. Gleason, the indomitable, bowed with a tristful grace to the ladies and drew himself together. The last cord came away and the last attendant fled. . . . Nothing happened. Gleason flicked the beast with his twelve-foot Trieste cedar. Still nothing happened. The great horse-tamer hit him again. The faithful zebra stood as firmly in the sand as Casabianca on the burning deck. The gallery lifted itself in roars, and the peanuts and banana skins began to arrive. Gleason paused a moment, then, fairly bursting, got himself from the ring. And a groom came back and dragged that worthy animal out by his mule-like ears.

From the menagerie tent comes another story, not told before, I hope, of a distinguished lion-tamer who had a wife possessed of great vigor of mind; in the case of a domestic disagreement she was his better half, and very considerably more. In times of particular stress he was wont to take refuge in his lion cage, and the lady would rush furiously around it crying: "Coward! Coward! Coward! You daren't come outside like a man!" There is a whole lot in that story, especially for circus people. Only, among them, the lady would be looked upon as the victim of long-deluding tradition.

The old-style "beast men," who boasted of the untamable ferocity of their charges, are gradually passing away. The "animal boss" of a modern circus makes it his boast that his beasts are large of size and beauteous of coat. He denies most vigorously that they are savage. If they do become so it is a sign of bad health, that their teeth or their "tummies" are out of order; and he must assume his secondary rôle of general practitioner to the whole animal kingdom and fix them up again. For the modern menagerie chief is an all-round zoölogist who has specialized in education and medicine. Nor are his big cats and bears and hyenas his only charges. When the emu and the cassowary are a-moulting, a *crèche* full of teething babies could not call for more unflagging attention. The guanacos show that they are off their particular feed by spitting like bad boys upon all the unsuspecting who approach them. The giant kangaroo lies dismally down on his back, stretches out his long hindlegs, crosses his forepaws over his breast, and all he waits for is a shroud; he also must be looked after. And even the helpers in the big smelly tent generally know what is the matter with them. For it is the policy of the animal boss not only to train animals but to train keepers. And if he can procure both while young he can get a long way with them.

In fact, in getting lions and tigers and leopards as cubs is the great inner secret of this branch of the showman craft. It may seem a most revolutionary and insulting allegation to many, but, upon the authority of those who undoubtedly ought to know, it can be flatly stated that there is no such thing as wild-animal taming at all. If you bring a full-grown lion directly from Nubia or Equatoria, or a tiger from the Bengal jungles, or even a panther from his Javanese lair, you may be quite certain that no animal man is going to go into a cage with any one of them. Neither the whip nor the pistol nor the red-hot poker from outside would protect him. Indeed it is safe to say, too, that the owner of a menagerie who had a tamer foolish enough to make such an experiment would feel mightily inclined to leave him to settle it alone—rather than use that regulation red-hot poker, at any rate. For when the latter is brought into play, the moment it singes the beast he whirls around, his jaws clash upon it, and, as he is in a state of frenzy, they will not let go; not improbably he will have to be shot that night. In a menagerie a man is supposed to have general wisdom enough to take care of himself. It is the animals, with all their childish quickness of temper, who need the protection.

But when you get them in the cub stage they are practically too young to have any real temper as yet developed. And they take to tricks as naturally as a puppy takes to chasing pebbles. Instead of being driven relentlessly through their education by the dreadful eye and excoriating lash of the tamer, they look forward to a pan of warm milk or a piece of loaf sugar. You *break* horses, and, in a sense, even elephants; but in no way, other than by breaking their backs, can you break the big cats. In the menagerie of the "Greatest Show on Earth" is a cage of leopards. They have been rolling over one another in the lazy bliss of a happy family ever since they opened their puzzled eyes upon the circus crowds. The present writer was assured that if he wished to emulate one of the smart young men of an up-to-date metropolitan journal he could enter that cage with no risk to himself, and throw off a fine flight or so. And possibly he might have had he felt that the closed door of a wild-beast den would give a chance for any kind of flight at all. But, all nonsense aside, the proposal was sufficiently convincing that here was a "pard" family which—primeval instinct and all else to the contrary notwithstanding—had not as yet got to regard man as their possible prey, still less as their enemy.

Yet we have all of us seen taming acts where only the tamer's blacksnake seems to keep off the leaping, mouthing brutes; where they fling round and round him in a squalling hurricane; and, as he backs suddenly from the cage, they throw themselves upon the steel-barred door almost before he can slam it to. What of that?

"Well, that shows mighty good training," we were imperturbably informed. "If they didn't show spirit like that, and do that last leap at the door, they'd just about get the hides taken off them afterward. Of course, they're good and worked up by that time—they're in a howling excitement, all right—and if the man was any too slow getting outside the door they'd set their teeth and claws into him. But all the same, it's just part of the trick."

It was a blow to all traditions, but we tried again. "Well, then, how about that idea of never daring to take your eyes off them? And every man we've watched, whether he's a tamer or only a keeper cleaning up in the morning, invariably leaves the cage back first."

"Exactly. And how would you go down the ladder from a hayloft? Same reason covers the keepers getting out of the cages. They go backward because it's the natural and easy way to go."

Disillusionment! Disillusionment!

We went across to the side-show and had another talk with the lady snake-charmer. More disenchantment! She told us there was no such thing as snake-charming, though in truth the fair lady was charming enough to keep any one from quite believing that. She told us it was all a matter of getting the big pythons accustomed to you. They come to the show in basket-like crates covered with heavy bagging. Your first step is to find the flat triangular head, and get it out. Then you begin to smooth and caress it. And this is a ticklish business, because pythons dislike being grasped about the jaws rather more than anything else on earth; and if you catch them by the back of the neck the cerebral vertebræ of this particular genus of ophidian are so loosely set together that they can throw their jaws over backward and grasp *you!* Weeks must go to this preliminary acquaintance-making before the monsters can be introduced into the exhibition stand. Happily, though they are by nature sluggish and stupid, they do take a certain degree of education. At any rate, they know their mistress. For the benefit of Mr. Brown and myself one "Bob" was put through his business. He gets his name from having a stump tail, and the last foot of that stump tail he twisted into the iron railing of his inclosure. We tried to pull it loose. We might as well have tried to straighten out a crooked pig of bronze. Mlle. Lili spoke to him, gave him a comradish slap, and he relaxed his grip immediately.

The great brutes are fed on rabbits, taking a meal about once every six weeks. Sometimes they have to be stuffed like ducks for market; and their in-sloping fangs prevent any willful disgorging. But for the most part they are ready to eat when the proper time comes. They catch their food themselves, and what happens next is not a pretty sight. It chanced, recently, while the show we were with was in one of the big towns, that the report got abroad that one of the pythons was to be fed during the afternoon performance. As a result that side-show was suffocating with people. But in

GLEASON BOWED WITH A TRISTFUL GRACE TO THE LADIES

Editor's Note—This is the seventh paper in Mr. McFarlane's series, Following the Circus. The next will appear in an early number.

less than half a minute after the mooted collation had commenced, six women had fainted, a good many more were kept on their feet only by the density of the crowd, and the majority of the men did not look as if they were hugely enjoying the spectacle. If you are offered the chance to see the like you had better take your nerve as well as your camera along with you

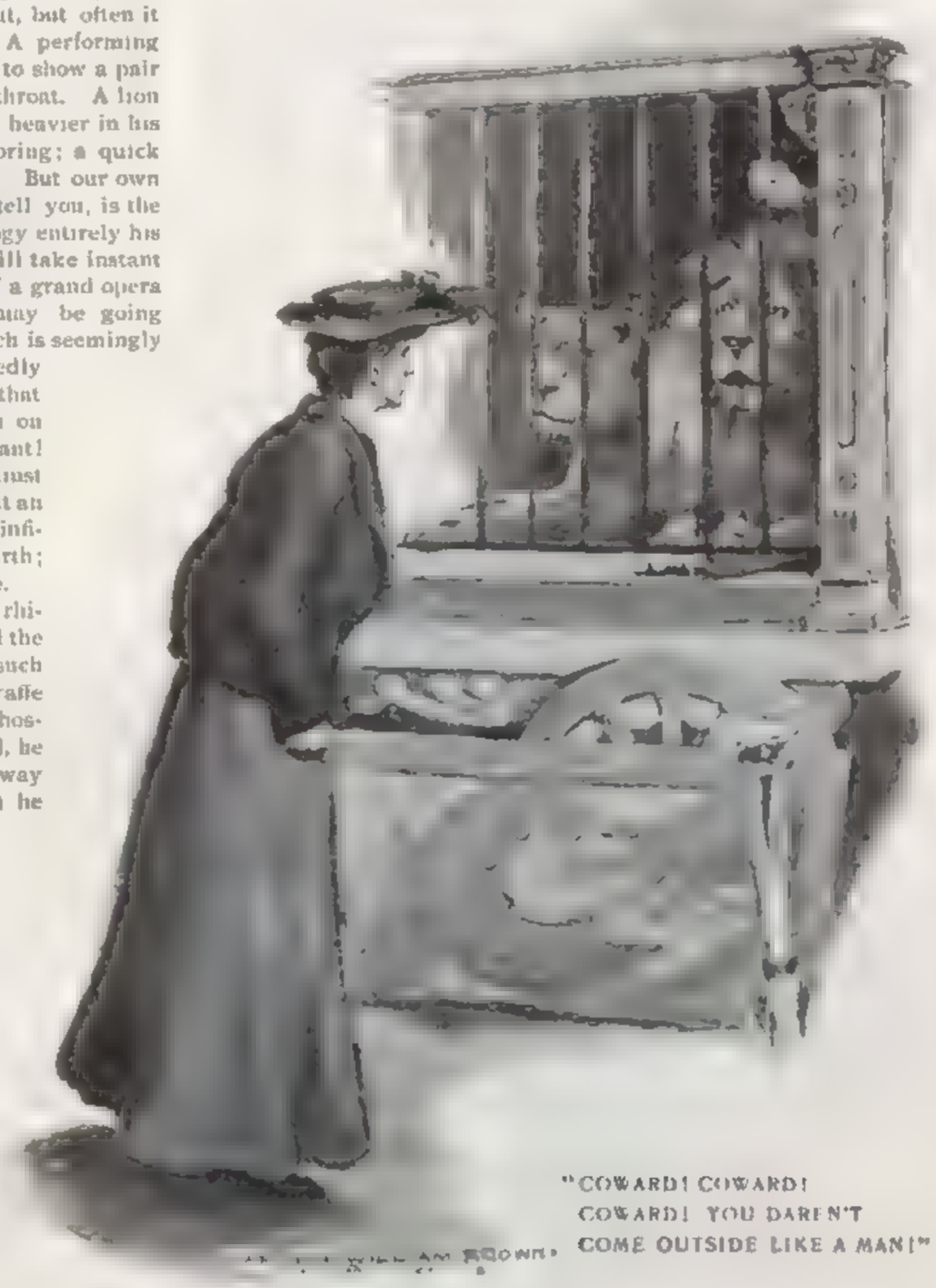
So far this article has been somewhat depreciatory of the actual dangers run by "wild-beast men." It must be kept in mind, however, that almost every animal "gets bad" at times. And if just at that particular moment the tamer happens to have it on exhibition, then and there the *diablerie* must be met and fought. It is a kind of brute madness that menagerie men have given up attempting to explain Sometimes premonitions of it are thrown out, but often it seems to develop in a matter of seconds. A performing leopard or tiger may turn, and, stopping only to show a pair of ragged jaws, leap straight at the trainer's throat. A lion gives more opportunity for escape, for he is heavier in his movements and has to gather back for the spring; a quick man has time to jump and "get from under." But our own common black bear, as all animal men will tell you, is the real bad boy of the class. He has a psychology entirely his own. He has a species of touchiness which will take instant umbrage at things in which even the pride of a grand opera star would see no personal affront. He may be going through his Oriental dance with a phlegm which is seemingly imperturbable, when his attendant absent-mindedly gives his chain a twitch—and he considers that twitch uncalled for! He stops short, wheels on the rush, and it is a *dies iræ* for that attendant! Nor is the loaded whipstock of any avail against him. It's a menagerie truism that you can't hit an angry bear's head with a club. His paws are infinitely quicker than those of any big cat on earth; and "his dukes save his cokynut" every time.

But of all the *un*tramable animal folk, the rhinoceros is the one that showmen hate and dread the most. And that is the main reason why he is such a rarity in the traveling menagerie. The giraffe is a rarity because he is always going to the hospital with five yards of bronchitis—if, indeed, he does not break his neck between decks on the way over. But the moment a "rhino" joins on he begins a series of attempts to break every *other* neck in sight. And if he gets loose he makes one vast hospital of the whole agonized landscape. Some years ago a circus got one of the big pigs from Hamburg, and advertised his purchase far and wide and ten feet high. He arrived while the tents were up at Ogdensburg. He was taken from his strong box and put into a cage; and within ten seconds he had realized his particular vocation in life, which is that of a lightning-delivery battering-ram. He left the cage framed in most of the rear end of it. Obviously, though, he regarded it but as a wind-shield, and it spurred him on only to greater exertions. Most of the keepers ducked under the canvas. Some rashly took to the tops of other cages. And to the latter that "greatest and most unique attraction in the animal kingdom" began to give his immediate attention. By uncommon good fortune no one was killed. And eventually, by letting him exhaust himself upon the débris of the cataclysm, and then gradually walling him about with wagons, he was got back into his original strong box again. But it was the only exhibition he was allowed to give to the circus public. Some characters require days to unfold themselves; others, only minutes.

When an animal becomes vicious on the road it is generally put out on loan with the zoological gardens of one of the large cities. Such loan animals are often very fine ones, too; and between heavy iron bars and brick and stone walls they can do little harm. At any rate, the zoos are glad enough to get them. If they grow good again the show may take them back, though any progeny born in the zoo is, by tacit understanding, given to it for its very own.

But big bull elephants which go bad on the road almost always have to be killed. Their keepers will regretfully protest that if they could be allowed to drop behind the circus with them, stockade them, and just lie doggo for the next six or seven weeks, all would be well again. But when a really big one goes *musth* many pile-drivers would have to work overtime to build a stockade strong enough to hold him in. And the demoniacal cleverness with which one of the rabid monsters will learn the best grip upon his chains with which to pull up his stakes, makes one doubt the wisdom of taking any protesting keeper's opinion upon the matter at all. The show-owner commonly sees only the one way out of it. But here, too, is a chance for public spirit. The zoological gardens may not get the living elephant, but there are museums that would value his hide and bones.

This brings us to the story of the elephant that was presented to the city of Lyons. He was a big fellow, he had gone bad, and the circus was compelled to strangle him. The show was already preparing to leave the town; but your true philanthropist never pleads the lack of time. At the last moment the circus manager called upon the mayor and with a few befitting words presented that elephant to the city. The mayor was ill that week, but even so, he received the gift with a feeling *fioritura* of grateful eloquence, such as is commanded only by a public official in southern France Just as the manager was leaving, however, the mayor took



"COWARD! COWARD! COWARD! YOU DAREN'T COME OUTSIDE LIKE A MAN!"

thought and asked him what they were to do with it. "Do with it? Do with one of the finest beasts ever killed in captivity? Properly mounted, it would double the value of the *musée*. Its skeleton would be the chief attraction of the School of Medicine! There were a thousand things they could do with it!" And the manager made his adieus and followed the show.

In the mean time the dead elephant lay in the middle of the street which crossed the public square where the circus grounds had been, and the unwieldy carcass effectually blocked all traffic. There was no local taxidermist who felt himself competent to handle it. The mayor was still ill, and before anything definite could be done a session of the town council must be held. . . . By the end of three days there was the most urgent reason for acting promptly. Something would *have* to be done, if the entire population was not to move into the suburbs. The corridors of the *hôtel de ville* surged with mobs of clamoring petitioners. They declared with fury that, if action were not taken immediately, the *préfet* would proceed in the affair. . . .

In the end special apparatus had to be built to move the carcass, specialists had to be brought from Paris to mount it, and a new roof had to be put in the *musée* to allow the effigy of the deceased to stand erect beneath it; and, finally, bonds had to be issued to cover the accumulated expenses! When that show revisits the department of the Rhone it will be wise to take as wide a circle around Lyons as for several unspeakable days the outraged Lyonnais did about their desecrated public square. But a circus has to accustom itself to such civic ingratitude. "And, Lord!" protested one of the canvasmen, "if we'd stopped to *bury* that d—— elephant we'd have most likely lost a performance next day!" Similarly the story is told that when Jumbo was killed "his hide was presented to one American museum, his skeleton to another, and the rest of him to St. Thomas, Ontario, the scene of the accident." And in that municipality, too, there is bitterness against the showman philanthropist.

Beasts are being taken into and dropped from the big circuses all the time. But no longer, however, do they attempt to do much of their own catching. Three quarters of the animals now in captivity have come from the big German animal dealers. The enterprising Teutons have made as systematic a study of the capturing and raising of wild beasts as of bacilli and micrococci.

Yet if the modern circus has fairly given up attempting to catch for itself, sometimes it becomes a wild animal *distributor* on a very large scale—and that all at once, in the bargain! Given a railroad smash bad enough to up-end some fifteen or twenty "beast cars" and drop a few dozen menagerie wagons on their corners, as a well-qualified baggage-man will drop a succession of trunks, and you will have ahead of you some of the finest material possible for a Sunday supplement. Once when a circus was nearing La Porte, Indiana, in the middle of the night, a rear-end collision—fortunately without human fatalities—did the business most effectually. The greater part of the menagerie, dead or alive, was found within a few hundred yards of the spot. But one of the young lions had made for the open country.

The head keeper, with some assistants, took a cage wagon, a section of canvas side-wall and the accompanying guy-poles, and started in search of him. They traced him two miles across the fields to a cow-stable which stood at some little distance from an isolated farmhouse. The moon afforded them light enough to see that he had killed the solitary yearling in the stable at the time, and had partially devoured it. He must have made the killing very quietly, too, for he had aroused no one in the house

The circus men went back to it and pounded on the door. After a time the farmer put forth a wondering and suspicious head. He was diplomatically informed that his calf was in trouble—but *they* would square for it—(by this time the other windows had filled with the rest of the family)—in fact one of the show lions was in the stable *eating* that calf! "And we just thought we'd better let you know so you wouldn't get excited and come outside!"

Those windows went down amid a subdued chorus of shuddering gasps. "Git excited and come outside?" sputtered the agriculturalist ferociously before he, too, made for the attic pot-holes "Git excited and come outside? Well, what *kind* of a dodderin' fool do you think I am, anyway?"

The circus people chuckled and started back to the cow house They found that in the mean time the lion had finished his meal; and he was now stretched on his back playing with a pork barrel much as a kitten will play with an empty spool! Instead of being ugly, he was in the best of after-dinner humors, and the rest was easy! The cage was lowered to the ground and opened opposite the stable door. Then the assistants lifted the side-walls in a semicircle about it, making a barrier some eight feet high, and that is considerably higher than a lion can jump. The door was opened. There was no occasion for any gallery play in the way of blazing torches and pistol shots. The keeper's whip beckoned the brute back into his proper abode, and he went with a kind of guilty satisfaction. In fact the big cat had been chased out of the dairy after he had had his fill of cream.

There was nothing more to do save dig that farmer out again and proceed to a satisfactory squaring. But as the showmen drove down the lane they could still hear him repeating: "There's a lion in your stable—but don't git excited and come outside! Oh, no, don't git excited and come outside!"

After the Yankee Vote

"WHEN I was in politics out in Iowa," said Secretary Shaw, "I had some difficulty in deciding on a county ticket. I met a Swede who is a big farmer in my district and talked to him about the candidates.

"Olaf," I asked, "whom do you think we should nominate for county judge?"

"I tank Ole Olesen ben goot man," he said

"And for district attorney?"

"Yon Yonson."

And for county treasurer?"

"Neils Petersen"

And for sheriff?"

"I tank James Smith"

"But, Olaf," I protested, "you have named a Swede for every other position, why not a Swede for sheriff?

Oh, we must do something to catch the Yankee vote."

THE COST

By David Graham Phillips

VIII

WHILE the Fanshaw-Herron storm was slowly gathering in Dumont's Eastern horizon, another equally black lifted in the West.

Scarborough was inaugurated early in January. Early in February Gladys appeared at Indianapolis a-visiting, and was presently bosom-friends with Scarborough's sister Arabella, now a widow, and come to keep house for him at the Executive Mansion. From Indianapolis Gladys went to Cleveland, thence to New York for a stay with her brother. He sent her back to the Eyrie as soon as he heard that Scarborough had gone to Saint X for a brief spring vacation after the adjournment of the Legislature.

Dumont respected Scarborough profoundly—not for his character which made him so strong with the people that money and intrigue were powerless against him, but for his intellect which showed him how so to impress his character upon the people that their confidence in him could not be shaken. When Merriweather came on "to take his beating" from Dumont he said, among other things deprecatory: "Scarborough's a dreamer. His head's among the clouds." And Dumont retorted: "Yes, but his feet are on the ground—and too d——d firmly planted there to suit me." Then, after a moment's thought, he added: "What a shame for a man with such a brain to waste it. Why, he could make millions."

A few evenings after Gladys' return she and Pauline were on the south veranda alone in the starlight. She was in low spirits and presently began to rail against her lot.

"Don't be absurd," said Pauline. "You've no right to complain. You have everything—and you're free!"

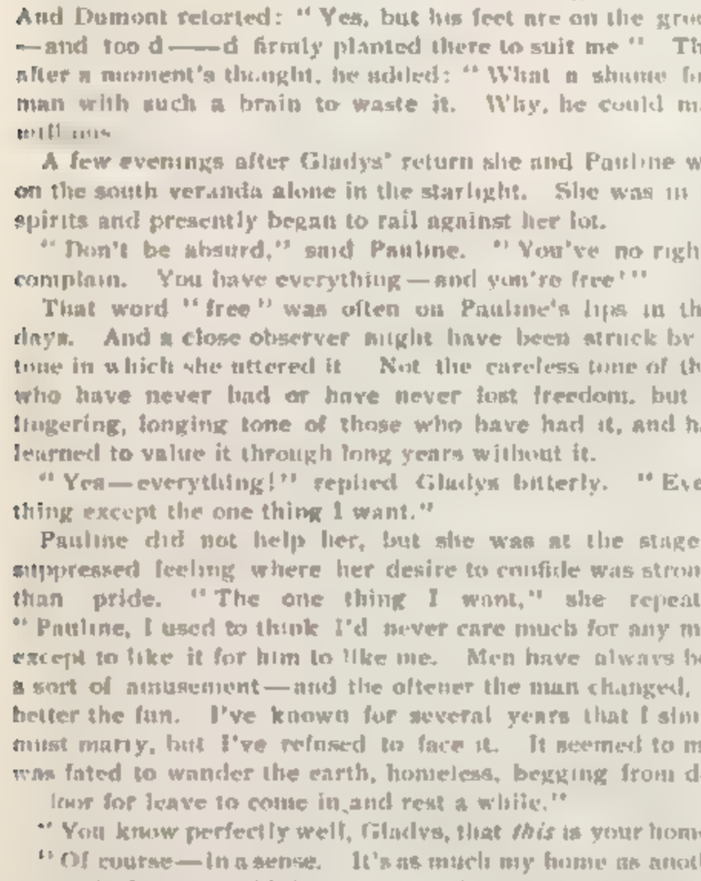
That word "free" was often on Pauline's lips in those days. And a close observer might have been struck by the tone in which she uttered it. Not the careless tone of those who have never had or have never lost freedom, but the lingering, longing tone of those who have had it, and have learned to value it through long years without it.

"Yes—everything!" replied Gladys bitterly. "Everything except the one thing I want."

Pauline did not help her, but she was at the stage of suppressed feeling where her desire to confide was stronger than pride. "The one thing I want," she repeated. "Pauline, I used to think I'd never care much for any man, except to like it for him to like me. Men have always been a sort of amusement—and the oftener the man changed, the better the fun. I've known for several years that I simply must marry, but I've refused to face it. It seemed to me I was fated to wander the earth, homeless, begging from door to door for leave to come in and rest a while."

"You know perfectly well, Gladys, that *this* is your home."

"Of course—in a sense. It's as much my home as another woman's house could be. But"—she gave a little sob—"I've seen my mate and I want to begin my nest."



ROCKED HERSELF TO AND FRO IN A CYCLONE OF ANGER AND JEALOUSY

They were side by side on a wide, wicker sofa. Pauline made an impulsive move to put her arm round Gladys, then drew away and clasped her hands tightly in her lap.

Gladys was crying, sobbing, brokenly apologizing for it. "I'm a little idiot—but I can't help it—I haven't any pride left—a woman never does have, really, when she's in love—Oh, Pauline, do you think he cares *at all* for me?" And after a pause she went on, too absorbed in herself to observe Pauline or to wonder at her silence: "Sometimes I think he does. Again I fear that—that he doesn't. And lately—Why doesn't he come here any more?"

"You know how busy he is," said Pauline in a voice so strained that Gladys ought to have noticed it.

"But it isn't that—I'm sure it isn't. No, it has something to do with me. It means either that he doesn't care for me or that—that he does care and is fighting against it—perhaps because I—we—are—have a good deal——Oh, I don't know *what* to think, Pauline." Then, after a pause: "How I hate being a woman! If I were a man I could find out the truth—settle it one way or the other. But I must sit dumb and wait, and wait, and wait! You don't know how I *love* him," she said brokenly, burying her face in the ends of the soft white shawl that was flung about her bare shoulders. "I can't help it—he's the best—he makes all the others look and talk like cheap imitations. He's the best, and a woman can't help wanting the best."

Pauline rose and leaned against the railing. For the first time she was face to face with the fact. She saw that Gladys was at last caught in her own toils, that she would go on hoping and struggling, tangling herself deeper and deeper, abandoning herself more and more to a hopeless love—unless she knew the truth.

"What would you do, Pauline?" pleaded Gladys. "There must *be some* reason why he doesn't speak. It isn't fair to me—it isn't fair! I could stand anything—even giving him up—better than this uncertainty. It's—it's breaking my heart—I who thought I didn't have a heart."

"No, it isn't fair," said Pauline to herself rather than to Gladys.

"I suppose you don't sympathize with me," Gladys went on. "I know you don't like him. I've noticed how strained and distant you are toward each other. And you seem to avoid each other. And he'll never talk of you to me. Did you have some sort of misunderstanding at college?"

"Yes," said Pauline slowly. "A—a misunderstanding."

"And you both remember it, after all these years?"

Yes," said Pauline.

But Gladys was intent upon her own affairs. She did not pursue a subject which seemed to lead away from them. Presently she rose. "I'll be ashamed of having confessed when I see you in daylight. But I don't care! I shan't be sorry. I feel a little better. After all, why should I be ashamed of any one knowing I care for *him*?" And she sighed, laughed, went into the house, whistling softly—sad, depressed, but hopeful, feeling deep down that she surely must win where she had never known what it was to lose.

Pauline looked after her. "No, it isn't fair," she repeated. She stayed on the veranda, walking slowly to and fro. It was not until two hours later that she went up to bed.

When Gladys came down at nine the next morning Pauline had just gone out—"I think, Miss Gladys, she told the coachman to drive to her father's," said the butler.

Gladys set out alone. Instead of keeping to the road and the woods along the edge of the bluff she descended to the valley and the river road. She walked rapidly, her face glowing, her eyes sparkling—she was quick to respond to impressions through the senses, and to-day she felt so well physically that it reacted upon her mind and forced her spirits up. At the turn beyond Deer Creek bridge she met Scarborough suddenly, face to face. He, too, was afoot and alone. She saw that he was glad they had met, and his greeting was interpreted to her hopes by her spirits.

"May I turn and walk with you?" he asked. "I'm finding myself pretty disagreeable company to-day."

"You *did* look dull," she said, as they set out together, "dull as a love-sick German. But I supposed it was your executive pose."

"I was thinking that I'll be old before I know it." His old-young face was shadowed for an instant. "Old—that's an unpleasant thought, isn't it?"

"Unpleasant for a man," said Gladys with a laugh as light as youth's dread of age. "For a woman,

PAULINE GAVE HER A LOOK OF DISGUST

ghastly! Old and alone. Either one's dreadful enough. But—the two together! I often think of them. Don't laugh at me—really I do. Don't you?"

"If you keep to that road this walk'll be a dismal failure. It's a road I never take—if I can help it."

"You don't look as though you were ever gloomy." Gladys glanced up at him admiringly. "I should have said you were one person the blue devils wouldn't *dare* attack."

"Yes, but they do. And sometimes they throw me."

"And trample you?"

"And trample me," he answered absently.

"That's because you're alone too much," she said with a look of tactful sympathy.

"Precisely," he replied. "But how am I to prevent that?"

"Marry, of course," she retorted, smiling gayly up at him, letting her heart just peep from her eyes.

"Thank you! And it sounds so easy! May I ask why you've refused to take your own medicine—you who say you are so often blue?" She shrugged her shoulders. "I've always suspected the men who asked me. They were——" She did not finish what she feared might be an unwise, repelling remark in the circumstances.

"They were after your money," he finished for her.

She nodded. "They were Europeans," she explained. "Europeans always want money when they marry."

"That's another of the curses of riches," he said judicially. "And if you marry a rich man over here, you may be pretty sure he'll marry you for your money. I've observed that rich men attach an exaggerated importance to money, always."

"I'd prefer to marry a poor man," she hastened to answer, her heart beating faster—certainly his warning against rich suitors must have been designed to help his own cause with her.

"Yes, that might be better," he agreed. "But you would have to be careful after you were married or he might fancy you were using your money to tyrannize over him. I've noticed that the poor husbands of rich women are supersensitive—often for cause."

"Oh, I'd give it all to him. He could do what he pleased with it. I'd not care so long as we were happy."

Scarborough liked the spirit of what she said, liked her look as she said it. "That's very generous—very like you," he replied warmly. "But I don't think it'd be at all wise. You'd be in a dangerous position. You might spoil him—great wealth is a great danger, and when it's suddenly acquired, and so easily—— No, you'd better put your wealth aside and only use so much of it as will make your income equal to his—if you can stand living economically."

"I could stand anything with or from any one I cared for." Gladys was eager for the conversation to turn from the general to the particular. She went on, forcing her voice to hide her interest: "And you—why don't *you* cure your blue?"

"Oh, I shall," he replied carelessly. "But not with your medicine. Every one to his own prescription."

"And what's yours for yourself?" said Gladys, feeling tired and nervous from the strain of this delayed happiness.

"Mine?" He laughed. "My dreams."

"You are a strange combination, aren't you? In one way you're so very practical—with your politics and all that. And in another way—I suspect you of being sentimental—almost romantic."

"You've plucked out the heart of my mystery. My real name is Don Quixote de Saint X."

"And has your Dulcinea red hands and a flat nose and freckles like the lady of Toboso?" Gladys's hands were white, her nose notably fine, her skin transparently clear.

"Being Don Quixote, I don't know it, if she has."

"And you prefer to worship afar, and to send her news of your triumphs instead of going to her yourself?"

"I dare not go." He was looking away, far away. "There are wicked enchanters. I'm powerless. She alone can break their spells."

They walked in silence, her heart beating so loudly that she thought he must be hearing it, must be hearing what it was saying. Yes—she must break the spells. But how—but how? What must she say to make him see? Did he expect her to ask him to marry her? She had heard that rich women often were forced to make this concession to the pride of the men they wished to marry. On the other hand, was there ever a man less likely than Scarborough to let any obstacle stand between him and what he wanted?

The first huge drops of a summer rain pattered in big, round stains, brown upon the white of the road. He glanced up—a cloud was rolling from beyond the bluffs, was swiftly curtaining the blue. "Come!" he commanded, and they darted into the underbrush, he holding her by the arm. A short dash among the trees and bushes and they were at the base of the bluff, were shielded by a shelf of rock. "It'll be over soon," he assured her. "But you must stand close or you'll be drenched."

A clap of thunder deafened them as a flame and a force enswathed the sycamore tree a few yards away, blowing off its bark, scattering its branches, making it all in an instant a blackened and blasted wreck. Gladys gave a low scream of terror, fell against him, hid her face in his shoulder. She was trembling violently. He put his arm round her and patted her reassuringly—if he had not supported her she would have fallen. She leaned against him, clinging into him, so that he felt the beat of her heart, the swell and fall of her bosom, felt the rush of her young blood through her veins, felt the thrill from her smooth, delicate, olive skin. And he, too, was trembling—shaken in all his nerves.

"Don't be afraid," he said—in his voice he unconsciously betrayed the impulse that was fighting for possession of him.

She drew herself closer to him with a long, tremulous sigh. "I'm a coward," she murmured. "I'm shaking so that I can't stand." She tried to draw herself away—or did she only make pretense to him and to herself that she was trying?—then relaxed again into his arms.

The thunder cracked and crashed; the lightnings leaped in streaks and in sheets; the waters gushed from the torn clouds and obscured the light like a heavy veil. She looked up at him in the dimness—she, too, was drunk with the delirium of the storms raging without and within them. His brain swam giddily. The points of gold in her dark eyes were drawing him like so many powerful magnets. Their lips met and he caught her up in his arms. And for a moment all the fire of his intensely masculine nature, so long repressed and pent, raged over her lips, her eyes, her hair, her cheeks, her chin.

A moment she lay, happy as a petrel beaten by a tempest; a moment her thirsty heart drank in the ecstasy of the lightnings through her lips and skin and hair.

She opened her eyes to find out why there was a sudden calm. She saw him staring with set, white face through the rain-veil. His arms still held her, but where they had been like the clasp of life itself, they were now dead as the arms of a statue. A feeling of cold chilled her skin, trickled icily in and in. She released herself—he did not oppose her.

"It seems to me I'll never be able to look you—or myself—in the face again," he said at last. "I didn't know it was in me to—to take advantage of a woman's helplessness."

"I wanted you to do what you did," she said simply.

He shook his head. "You are generous," he answered. "But I deserve nothing but your contempt."

"I wanted you to do it," she repeated. She was under the spell of her love and of his touch. She was clutching to save what she could, was desperately hoping it might not be so little as she feared. "I had the—the same impulse that you had." She looked at him timidly, with a pleading smile. "And please don't say you're sorry you did it, even if you feel so. You'll think me very bold—I know it isn't proper for young women to make such admissions. But—don't reproach yourself—please!"

If she could have looked into his mind as he stood there, crushed and degraded in his own eyes, she would have been a little consoled—for, in defiance of his self scorn and self-hate, his nerves were tingling with the memory of that delirium and his brain was throbbing with the surge of impulses long dormant, now imperious. But she was not even looking toward him—for, through her sense of shame, of wounded pride, her love was clamoring to her to cry out: "Take me in your arms again! I care not on what terms, only take me and hold me and kiss me."

The rain presently ceased as abruptly as it had begun and they returned under the dripping leaves to the highroad. She glanced anxiously at him as they walked toward the town, but he did not speak. She saw that if the silence was to be broken, she must break it. "What can I say to convince you?" she asked, as if not he but she were the offender.

He did not answer.

"Won't you look at me, please?"

He looked, the color mounting in his cheeks, his eyes unsteady.

"Now, tell me you'll not make me suffer because you fancy you've wronged me. Isn't it ungallant of you to act this way after I've humiliated myself to confess I didn't mind?"

Thank you," he said humbly, and looked away.

"You won't have it that I was in the least responsible?" She was teasing him now—he was plainly unconscious of the meaning of her yielding. "He's so modest," she thought, and went on: "You won't permit me to flatter myself I was a temptation too strong even for your iron heart, Don Quixote?"

He flushed scarlet, and the suspicion, the realization of the truth set her eyes to flashing. "It's before another woman he's abasing himself," she thought, "not before me. He isn't even thinking of me." When she spoke her tone was cold and sneering. "I hope *she* will forgive you. She certainly would if she could know what a paladin you are."

SHE, TOO, WAS DRUNK WITH THE DELIRIUM OF THE STORMS RAGING WITHOUT AND WITHIN THEM

He winced, but did not answer. At the road up the bluffs she paused and there was an embarrassed silence. Then he poured out abrupt sentences: "It was doubly base. I betrayed your friendly trust, I was false to her. Don't misunderstand—she's nothing to me. She's nothing to me, yet everything! I began really to live when I began to love her. And—every one must have a—a pole-star. And she's mine—the star I sail by, and always must. And——" He halted altogether, then blundered on: "I shall not forgive myself. But you—be merciful—forgive me—forget it!"

I shall do neither," she replied curtly, jealous pride and wounded vanity stamping down the generous impulse that [illegible] response to his appeal. And she went up her road. A few yards and she paused, hoping to hear him coming after her. A few yards more and she sat upon a big boulder by the wayside. Until now all the wishes of her life had been more or less material, had been wishes which her wealth or the position her wealth gave her had enabled her instantly to gratify. She buried her face in her arms and sobbed and rocked herself to and fro, in a cyclone of anger, and jealousy, and shame, and love, and despair.

"I hate him!" she exclaimed between clenched teeth. "I *hate* him, but—if he came and wanted me, oh, *how* I would *love* him!"

Meanwhile, Pauline was at her father's.

"He isn't down yet," said her mother. "You know, he doesn't finish dressing nowadays until he has read the papers and his mail. Then he walks in the garden."

"I'll go there," said Pauline. "Won't you bring him when he's ready."

She never entered the garden that the ghosts of her childhood—how far, far it seemed!—did not join her, brushing against her, or rustling in tree and bush and leafy trellis. She paused at the end of the long arbor and sat on the rustic bench there. A few feet away was the bed of lilies-of-the-valley. Every spring she used to run from the house on the first warm morning and hurry to it; and if her first glance raised her hopes she would kneel upon the young grass and lower her head until her long golden hair touched the black ground; and the soil that had been hard and cold all winter would be cracked open this way and that, and from the cracks would issue an odor—the odor of life. And as she would peer into each crack in turn she would see, down, away down, the pale tip of what she knew to be an up-shooting, slender shaft. And her heart would thrill with joy, for she knew that the shafts would presently rise green above the black earth, would unfold, would blossom, would bloom, would fling from tremulous bells a perfumed proclamation of the arrival of spring.

As she sat waiting, it seemed to her that through the black earth of her life she could see and feel the backward heralds of her spring—"after the long winter," she said to herself.

She looked up—her father coming toward her. He was alone, was holding a folded letter uncertainly in his hand. He looked at her, his eyes full of pity and grief. "Pauline," he began, "has everything been—been well—of late between you and—your husband?"

She started. "No, father," she replied. Then, looking at him with clear directness: "I've not been showing you and mother the truth about John and me—not for a long time."

She saw that her answer relieved him. He hesitated, held out the letter. "The best way is for you to read it," he said. It was a letter to him from Fanshaw—he was writing, he explained, because the discharge of a painful duty to himself would compel him "to give pain to your daughter whom I esteem highly," and he thought it only right "to prepare her and her family for what was coming in order that they might be ready to take the action that would suggest itself." And he went on to relate his domestic troubles and his suit.

"Poor Leonora!" murmured Pauline, as she finished and sat thinking of all that Fanshaw's letter involved.

"Is it true, Polly?" asked her father. And then she gave a great sigh of relief as she thought how much this letter had spared her by removing the most forbidding obstacle from the course which Gladys' unhappiness in fancied suspense had moved her finally to choose.

"Yes—it's true," she replied. "I've known about—about it ever since the time I came back from the East and [illegible] return

(Continued on Page 14)

The Honor of the Bastables

A Story of the Wouldbegoods

By E. NESBIT

OSWALD is a very modest boy, I believe, but even he would not deny that he has an active brain. The author has heard both his Father and Albert's uncle say so. And the most far-reaching ideas often come to him quite naturally—just as silly notions that aren't any good might come to you. And he had an idea that he meant to hold a council about with his brothers and sisters; but, just as he was going to unroll his idea to them, our Father purred suddenly in our midst and said a strange cousin was coming, and he came and he was strange indeed. And when Fate had woven the threads of his dark destiny and he had been dyed a dark bright navy-blue and had gone from our midst, Oswald went back to the idea that he had not forgotten. The words "tenacious of purpose" mean sticking to things, and these words always make me think of the character of the young hero of these pages. At least, I suppose his brothers Dicky and Noel and H. O. are heroes, too—in a way—but somehow the author of these lines knows more about Oswald's inside realness than he does about the others.

So Oswald went into the common room. Every one was busy. Noël and H. O. were playing Halma, Dora was covering boxes with silver paper to put sweets in for a school treat, and Dicky was making a cardboard model of a new screw he has invented for ocean steamers. But Oswald did not mind interrupting, because Dora ought not to work too hard, and Halma always ends in a row, and I would rather not say what I think of Dicky's screw. So Oswald said

"I want a council. Where's Alice?"

Every one said they didn't know, and they made haste to say that we couldn't have a council without her. But Oswald's determined nature made him tell H. O. to chuck that rotten game and go and look for her. H. O. is our youngest brother and it is right that he should remember this and do as he is told. But he happened to be winning the beastly Halma game, and Oswald saw that there was going to be trouble—"big trouble," as Mr. Kipling says. And he was just bracing his young nerves for the conflict with H. O. because he was not going to stand any nonsense from his young brother about his not fetching Alice when he was jolly well told to, when the missing maiden bounced into the room, bearing upon her brow the marks of ravaging agitatedness.

"Have any of you seen Pincher?" she cried in [illegible]

We all said, "No, not since last night."

"Well, then, he's lost," Alice said, making the ugly face that means you are going to blub in half a minute.

Every one had sprung to their feet. Even Noël and H. O. saw at once what a doddering game Halma is, and Dora and Dicky, whatever their faults, care more for Pincher than for boxes and screws. Because Pincher is our fox-terrier. He is of noble race, and he was ours when we were poor, lonely treasure seekers and lived in humble hardupness in Lewisham Road.

To the faithful heart of young Oswald the Blackheath affluent mansion and all it contains, even the stuffed fox eating a duck in the glass case in the hall, and even the council he wanted to have seemed to matter less than Pincher.

"I want you all to let's go out and look for him," said Alice, carrying out the meaning of the faces she had made and beginning to howl. "Oh, Pincher—suppose something happens to him—you might get my hat and coat, Dora. Oh, oh, oh!"

We all got our coats and hats, and by the time we were ready Alice had conquered it to only sniffing, or else, as Oswald told her kindly, she wouldn't have been allowed to come.

"Let's go on the Heath," Noel said; "the dear departed dog used to like digging there."

So we went, and we said to every single person we met:

"Please, have you seen a thoroughbred fox terrier dog with a black patch over one eye, and another over his tail, and a tan patch on his right shoulder." And every one said, no, they hadn't, only some had more polite ways of saying it than others. But after a bit we met a policeman and he said:

I see one when I was on duty last night, like what you describe, but it was at the end of a string. A lad was at the other end. The dog didn't seem to go exactly willing."

He also told us the lad and the dog had gone over Greenwich way. So we went down, not quite so wretched in our insides, because now it seemed that there was some chance, though we wondered the policeman *could* have let Pincher go when he saw he didn't want to; but he said it wasn't his business.

And now we asked every one if they'd seen a lad and a thoroughbred fox-terrier with a black patch and cetera; and one or two people said they had, and we thought it must be the same the policeman had seen, because they said [illegible] that the dog didn't seem to care about going.

So we went on through the Park and past the Naval College, and we didn't even stop to look at that life-sized firm ship in the playground that the Naval Collegians have to learn about ropes and spars on, and Oswald would willingly give a year of his young life to have that ship for his very own.

And we didn't go into the painted Hall either—because our fond hearts were with Pincher, and we could not really have enjoyed looking at Nelson's remains, at the shipwrecks where the drowning people all look so dry, or even the pictures where young heroes are boarding pirates from Spain—just as Oswald would do if he had half a chance—with the pirates fighting in attitudes more twisted and Spanish than the pirates of any nation could manage, even if they were not above it. It is an odd thing, but all these pictures are awfully bad weather—even the ones that are not shipwrecks. And yet in books the skies are usually a stainless blue and the sea is a liquid gem when you are engaged in the avocation of pirate boarding.

The author is sorry to see that he is not going on with the story.

We walked through Greenwich Hospital and asked there if they had seen Pincher, because I heard Father say once that dogs are sometimes stolen and taken to hospitals and never seen again. It is wrong to steal, but I suppose the hospital doctors forget this because they are so sorry for the poor ill people and like to give them dogs to play with them and amuse them on their beds of anguish.

But no one had seen our Pincher, who seemed to be becoming more dear to our hearts every moment.

When we got through the hospital grounds—they are big and the buildings are big, and I like it all because there's so much room everywhere and nothing niggling—we got down to the terrace over the river next to the Trafalgar Hotel, and there was a sailor leaning on the railings, and we asked him the usual question. It seems that he was asleep but, of course, we did not know, or we would not have disturbed him. He was very angry, and he swore, and Oswald told the girls to come away, but Alice pulled away from Oswald and said:

"Oh, don't be so cross. Do tell us if you've seen our dog. He is——" and she recited Pincher's qualifications.

"Ho, yes," said the sailor—he had a red and angry face. "I see 'im a hour ago 'long of a Chinaman. E crossed the river in a open boat. You'd best look slippy arter 'im." He grinned and spat. He was a detestable character, I think. "Chinamen puts puppy-dogs in pies. If 'e catches you three young chaps 'e'll 'ave a pie as'll need a big crust to cover it. Get along with your cheek."

So we got along. Of course, we knew that the Chinese are not cannibals, so we were not frightened by that rot, but we knew, too, that the Chinese do really eat dogs as well as rats and birds' nests and other disgraceful forms of eating.

H. O. was very tired and he said his boots hurt him, and Noel was beginning to look like a young throstle, all eyes and beak. He always does when he is tired. The others were tired, too, but their proud spirits would never have owned it. So we went round to the Trafalgar Hotel's boathouse and there was a man in slippers, and we said could we have a boat, and he said he would send the boatman and would we walk in. We did, and we went through a dark room piled up to the ceiling with boats and out on to a sort of thing half like a balcony and half like a pier, and there were boats there to far more than you would think any one could want—and then a boy came.

We said we wanted to go across the river, and he said "Where to?"

"To where the Chinamen live," said Alice.

"You can go to Millwall if you want to," he said, beginning to put oars in the boat.

"Are there any Chinese people there?" Alice asked.

And the boy replied: "I dunno." He added that he supposed we could pay for the boat.

By a fortunate accident—I think Father had rather wanted to make up to us for our martyr-like enduring when our cousin was with us—we were fairly flush of chink. Oswald and Dicky were proudly able to produce handfuls of money. It was mostly copper, but it did not fail of its effect.

The boy seemed not to dislike us quite so much as before, and he helped the girls into the boat, which was now in the water at the edge of a sort of floating, unsteady raft with openings in it that you could see the water through. The water was very rough, just like real sea, and not like a river at all. And the boy rowed: he wouldn't let us, although I can quite well

AND WE ALL STARTED RUNNING AS HARD AS EVER WE COULD

AND WE FOLLOWED THE CHINAMEN, WHO WALKED IN SINGLE FILE, LIKE INDIANS

The boat tumbled and tossed just like a sea-boat. When we were about half-way over Noel pulled Alice's sleeve and said

"Do I look very green?"

"You do rather, dear," she said kindly

"I feel much greener than I look," said Noel And later on he was not at all well

The boy laughed, but we pretended not to notice. I wish I could tell you half the things we saw as our boat was pulled along through the swishing, lumpy water that turned into great waves after every steamer that went by Oswald was quite fit, but some of the others were very silent Dicky says he saw everything that Oswald saw, but I am not sure There were wharves and engines, and great rusty cranes swinging giant's handfuls of iron rails about in the air, and once we passed a ship that was being broken up. All the wood was gone and they were taking away her plates, and the red rust was running from her and coloring the water all round. It looked as though she were bleeding to death. I suppose it was silly to feel sorry for her, but I did. I thought how beastly it was that she would never go to sea again where the waves are clean and green, even if no rougher than the black waves now raging around our staunch little bark I never knew before what lots of kinds of ships there can be and I think I could have gone on and on for ever and ever looking at the shapes of things and the colors they were, and dreaming about being a pirate and things

like that, but we had come some way, and now Alice said:

"Oswald, I think Noel will die if we don't make land soon."

And, indeed, he had been rather bad for some time, only I thought it was kinder to take no notice

So our ship was steered among other pirate craft and moored at a landing place where there were steps up

Noël was now so ill that we felt we could not take him on a Chinese hunt, and H. O. had sneaked his boots off in the boat and he said they hurt him too much to put them on again. So it was arranged that those two should sit on a dry corner of the steps and wait, and Dora said she would stay with them

"I think we ought to go home," she said. "I'm quite sure Father wouldn't like us being in these wild, savage places The police ought to find Pincher

But the others weren't going to surrender like that, especially as Dora had had the sense to bring a bag of biscuits, which all except Noel were now eating

"Perhaps they ought, but they *won't* said Dicky. "I'm boiling hot I'll leave you my overcoat in case you're cold"

Oswald had been just about to make the same manly proposal, though he was not extra warm, so they left their coats, and, with Alice, who would come though told not to, they climbed the steps and went along a narrow passage and started boldly on the Chinese hunt. It was a strange sort of place over the river; all the streets were narrow, and the houses and the pavements and the people's clothes and the mud in the road all seemed the same sort of dull color—a sort of brown-gray it was.

All the house doors were open, and you could see that the insides of the houses were the same color as the outsides. Some of the women had blue or violet or red shawls, and they sat on the doorsteps and combed their children's hairs and shouted things to each other across the street. They seemed very much struck by the appearance of the three travelers, and some of the things they said were not pretty

That was the day when Oswald found out a thing that has often been of use to him in after life. However rudely poor people stare at you, they become all right instantly if you ask them something. I think they don't hate you so much when they've done something for you, if it's only to tell you the time or the way.

So we got on very well, but it does not make me comfortable to see people so poor and we have such a jolly house People in books feel this, and I know it is right to feel it, but I hate the feeling all the same. And it is worse when the people are nice to you.

And we asked and asked and asked, but nobody had seen a dog or a Chinaman, and I began to think all was indeed lost, and you can't go on biscuits all day, when we went round a corner rather fast and came slap into the largest woman I have ever seen—she must have been yards and yards round—and before she had time to be in the rage that we saw she was getting into Alice said

'Oh, I beg your pardon. I *am* so sorry—but we really didn't mean to. I *do* so hope we didn't hurt you

We saw the growing rage fade away, and she said, as soon as she got her fat breath

No 'arm done, my little dear. An' w'ere are you off to in such a 'urry?

So we told her all about it. She was quite friendly although so stout, and she said we oughtn't to be gallivanting about, all on our own. We told her we were all right, though I own Oswald was glad, in the hurry of departing, Alice hadn't had time to find anything smarter looking to wear than her garden coat and gray Tam, which had been regretted by some earlier in the day

"Well," said the woman, "if you go along this 'ere turning as far as ever you can go, and then take the first to the right and bear round to the left and take the second to the right again and go down the alley between the stumps you'll come to Rose Gardens. There's often Chinamen about there And if you come along this way as you come back keep your eye open for me, and I'll ask some young chaps as I know as is interested like in dogs, and perhaps I'll have news for you

"Thank you very much," Alice said, and the woman asked her to give her a kiss. Everybody is always wanting to kiss Alice. I can't think why And we got her to tell us the way again, and we noticed the name of the street, and it was Nightingale Street, and the stairs where we had left the others was Bullamy's Causeway. Because we have the true

SHE MUST HAVE BEEN YARDS AND YARDS ROUND

explorer's instincts, and when you can't blaze your way on trees with your ax or lay crossed twigs like the gipsies do, it is best to remember the names of streets

So we said good-by and went on through the gray-brown streets with hardly any shops, and those only very small and common, and we got to the alley all right. It was a narrow place between high blank brown-gray walls. I think by the smell it was gasworks and tanneries. There was hardly any one there, but when we got into it we heard feet running ahead of us, and Oswald said

'Hullo—suppose that's some one with Pincher and they've recognized his long-lost masters and they're making a bolt for it?"

And we all started running as hard as ever we could There was a turn in the passage, and when we got round it we saw that the running was stopping. There were four or five boys in a little crowd round some one in blue—blue looked such a change after the muddy color of everything in that Land Eastern domain—and when we got up the person the blue was on was a very wrinkled old man, with a yellow, wrinkled face and a soft felt hat and a blue blouselike coat, and I see that I ought not to conceal any longer from the discerning reader that it was exactly what we had been looking for It was, indeed, a celestial Chinaman in deep difficulties with these boys, who were, as Alice said afterward truly, fiends in mortal shape

They were laughing at the old Chinaman and shouting to each other, and their language was of that kind that I was sorry we had got Alice with us But she told Oswald afterward that she was so angry she did not know what they were saying

"Pull his bloomin' pigtail," said one of these outcasts from decent conduct

The old man was trying to keep them off with both hands, but the hands were very wrinkled and trembly

Oswald is grateful to his good Father who taught him and Dicky the proper way to put their hands up. If it had not been for that Oswald does not know what on earth would have happened, for the outcasts were five to our two, because no one could have expected Alice to do what she did

Before Oswald had even got his hands into the position required by the noble art of self defense she had slapped the largest boy on the face as hard as ever she could—and she can slap pretty hard, as Oswald knows but too well—and she had taken the second-sized boy and was shaking him before Dicky could get his left in on the eye of the slapped assailant of the aged denizen of the Flowery East The other three went for Oswald, but three to one is nothing to one who has hopes of being a pirate in his spare time when he grows up

In an instant the five were on us. Dicky and I got in some good ones, and though Oswald cannot approve of my sister being in a street fight, he must own she was very quick and useful in pulling ears and twisting arms and slapping and pinching But she had quite forgotten how to hit out from the shoulder like I have often shown her

The battle raged, and Alice often turned the tide of it by a well-timed shove or nip The aged Eastern leaned against the wall panting and holding his blue heart with his yellow hand. Oswald had got a boy down and was kneeling on him, and Alice was trying to pull off two other boys who had fallen on top of the fray, while Dicky was letting the fifth have it, when there was a flash of blue, and another Chinaman dashed into the tournament. Fortunately, this one was not old, and with a few well directed if foreign-looking blows he finished the work so ably begun by the brave Bastables, and next moment the five loathsome and youthful aggressors were bolting down the passage. Oswald and Dicky were trying to get their breath and find out exactly where they were hurt and how much, and Alice had burst out crying and was howling as though she would never stop. That is the worst of girls—they never can keep anything up. Any brave act they may suddenly do when, for a moment, they forget that they have not the honor to be boys, is almost instantly made into contemptibility by a sudden attack of crybabyishness. But I will say no more, for she did strike the first blow, after all, and it did turn out that the boys had scratched her wrist and kicked her shins the things that make girls cry

The venerable stranger from distant shores said a good deal to the other in what, I suppose, was the language used in China. It sounded like Ah hung and li and chi, and then the other turned to us and said

'Nicee lilly girlee, same piecee floweree—you takee my head to walkee on This is alle samee my father first chop ancestor. Dirty white devils makee him hurt. You come alongee fightee ploper. Me likee you wellee muchee'

Alice was crying too much to answer, especially as she could not find her handkerchief I gave her mine, and then she was able to say that she did not want to walk on anybody's head, and she wanted to go home

'This not nicee place for lillee whitee girlee," said the young Chinaman. His pigtail was thicker than his father's and black right up to the top. The old man's was gray at the beginning, but lower down it was black, because that part of it was not hair at all but black threads and ribbons and odds and ends of things, and toward the end both pigtails were greenish.

"Me lun backee, takee lum safee," the younger of the Eastern adventurers went on, pointing to his father; then, "Me makee walkee all along you, takee you back same piecee you comee from. Lillee white devils waitee for you on load you comee with? Not? Lillee girlee not cly; John givee her one piecee pretty-pretty. Come makee talkee with House Lady."

Continued on Page 36

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶A woman is as old as she talks.

¶It is well that all who talk into space do not talk at space rates.

¶Home cooking is often a memory of the time before dyspepsia began.

¶A politician's promise is one of the best titles of courtesy the lie enjoys.

¶Some men are born great; some achieve greatness, and some know how to carve.

¶Telling a woman that she is well preserved won't add to the sweetness of her disposition.

¶If speech were only to conceal thought some people would lose nothing by keeping mum.

¶Signing a document without reading it often makes a man wish he had read it without signing.

¶If you do not think of what you are going to say you generally say what you were not going to think.

¶The Republic of Panama simply got bored and hung up its justly famous hat in the corridor of nations.

¶Those who lost money in speculation may console themselves by the thought that they will lose more if they speculate again.

¶One form of graft in the postal service that needs correction is practiced by those who do not put enough stamps on their letters.

Right and Wrong at Panama

THIS would be a much more comfortable world than it is if the line of duty always ran straight and clear, with all the right on one side and all the wrong on the other. In that case we should all think alike about this Panama business, for few will agree with our New York namesake that this is a nation of scoundrels, deliberately practicing rascality for profit.

Although Colombia is not a very deserving object of sympathy, her case is undeniably hard. Her misconduct has brought a punishment so swift and savage that we can hardly withhold our sympathy, even if we know it is undeserved. And yet, how would things have been bettered if we had favored Colombia at the expense of Panama? The canal was a matter of life or death to the Isthmians—it was merely a matter of pride and profit to the Colombians. If we had left Colombia free to suppress the rebellion of Panama we should have had these results:

Civil war, with the slaughter of some thousands of people and the devastation of the country.

The infliction of a cruel wrong upon the people of the Isthmus.

The continued obstruction of a great work of civilization, urgently needed by the United States and the whole commercial world.

As it is, there has been no bloodshed and no suffering; the desires of the people immediately concerned have been met, the interests of mankind have been secured, and the only losers have been the Colombian middlemen who have forfeited a trust they have abused.

There has been a good deal of talk about our inconsistency in recognizing the "right of secession" in Panama when we denied it to our own Southern States. The "right of secession" for which the South contended was an alleged legal right implied in the Constitution of the United States. The question whether the Constitution of the United States did or did not allow such a right could have nothing to do with the Constitution of Colombia. The Republic of Panama is based, not on any legal right of secession, but on the natural right of revolution against oppression—the same foundation upon which our fathers built the Republic of the United States.

The Well that Never Runs Dry

IT IS hard to say which is the worst of the many bad features of the stock-watering business that has been increasing at accelerated speed since old Cornelius Vanderbilt, a generation ago, began to use the pump and cistern on the New York Central's capitalization. Perhaps the very worst is the effect upon wages and prices. There is hardly a branch of American industry in which most of the enterprises are not now loaded down with bonds and stocks which represent no investment *in the enterprise*. Dividends and interest "fixed charges"—must be met. In flush times the task is comparatively easy. But as soon as business slackens, what happens? Why, first of all, wages are cut. And though competition has kept prices lower than they might have been, so universal has been the heaping on of unwarranted fixed charges that in no department are prices so low as they should be.

Unwarranted fixed charges are responsible for most of the corporate crimes—they are committed in the desperate effort to pay interest and dividends. Unwarranted fixed charges are responsible for most of the labor troubles and in large measures for the too slow spread among the masses of the people of their just share in the comforts which science has conferred upon mankind.

The problem of corporate over-capitalization is far deeper, far more important than the danger to the investing public. The stock-watering pot has made and will make poorer every wage earner and every consumer. "Squeezes" in the stock market may help investors who buy after the water is out. But they do not affect the real problem. Fixed charges are upon *face* value.

The Test of Education

A CAPABLE English investigator of our colleges and universities has come out for the University of Wisconsin as, on the whole, the very finest American type, with various other large but not celebrated Western "institutions of learning" as close to it. He finds that several Eastern colleges have better informed and larger faculties, more apparatus, more of the facilities for learning. But he is inclined to think that these Western institutions produce the best results.

There are several important truths to which this Englishman calls attention indirectly. The first is that education is not learning, though the two are often confused.

Given the desire for knowledge and the ability to use it, what is more inevitable than the possession of knowledge? Yet how many of our colleges and universities persist in trying to be "institutions of learning" pure and simple—that is, places where men trained to use knowledge and eager for it can acquire it. Instead, they should be primarily training schools where right ambition and ability are acquired in preparation for the adventure into the world, that vast storehouse of knowledge, vaster than all seats of learning and their libraries combined.

The second important truth is that character—democratic independence and self-respect—is the very foundation of education. Nothing—not even fine dormitories, not even football prowess, not even the ingathering of the sons of all the old and all the rich American families—will take its place.

For Her Majesty's Consideration

THERE is one aspect of the eternal "servant question" that deserves the prayerful attention of women solicitous for the credit of their sex. The servant question is peculiarly woman's problem, and woman's failure to solve it is a reflection upon her capacity under which one would think she could not rest contented.

Man, mere man, not only runs the Government with more or less success, but he is a wholesale and retail employer of labor. Sometimes he superintends a single girl stenographer; sometimes a hundred thousand iron and steel workers. He has his friction and his strikes, but on the whole he gets along with his employees pretty well. He keeps them for years—often for a lifetime. He issues his orders and they are carried out. He does not hesitate to speak his mind, sometimes with strong language, when things go wrong. Incidentally, he often keeps house, in hotels, clubs and bachelor apartments. When he does he has no more trouble with his servants than with the employees in his office or factory.

But when woman undertakes housekeeping, which has been her special function from the beginning of history, everything goes wrong. The household machinery creaks and groans. If there is only one servant the management of that one costs more trouble than President Corey finds in handling the hundred thousand workers of the Steel Trust. Life is one continual strike. The housewife's face unceasingly wears a hunted look. She can talk of nothing but servants. When the husband comes home, putting behind him the thought of the five hundred men with whom he has had dealings during the day, and ready for an evening of care-free domestic enjoyment, she unloads upon him the troubles of the kitchen. She practically confesses that she is less equal to her smaller responsibilities than the man is to his greater ones.

Does it not seem as if it would be logical for her to make a determined effort to solve her present problems before going into politics in search of new ones? One would think that, in a common regard for the honor of their sex, mistresses and maids would meet in joint convention and find out, once for all, where the trouble lay in their mutual relation, and what they must do to remove it.

A Pertinent Text

IN THE municipal court in Boston eight little girls, ranging in age from ten to fourteen, were recently arraigned for shoplifting. The case was exceptional enough to arouse considerable comment, chiefly in the way of commiseration, which was just and proper. Every large city in the country has similar petty criminals among the young, although it is not often that so many are brought into the clutches of the law at one time. The incident is noteworthy because it furnishes a pertinent text for a homily on modern education.

The public schools in this country are better than any that have ever existed hitherto in the history of the world, but it is a pretty serious question whether they are not paying too much attention to the cultivation of the intellect and too little to the inculcation of morals. The old-fashioned district schools had their limitations, and the men and women who taught in them were not expected to trouble themselves much with pedagogical novelties; but they had time to enforce a vigorous recognition of the elementary principles of right and wrong, and the attention they were able to give to moral discipline had a wholesome and lasting influence on their pupils. The old-fashioned school at its best trained for character, first and foremost. It is to be feared that the modern school is too often aiming first of all to make children "smart" and "capable."

The ideal will be attained when at least as much emphasis shall be laid on character as is laid on mental efficiency. A boy or a girl who is taught to be honest and to be kind, and whose knowledge otherwise is limited to the three R's, is far more likely to make a useful and happy member of the community than the "smart" child who, in perception of right and wrong and in its attitude toward the world in general, is on the level of the primitive savage.

Mercy and Mawkishness

THERE is in every man one or two muscles on which, if a wrestler can put his thumb, he has his enemy at his mercy; and, just in the same way, in every man's soul, no matter how bad it may be, there are certain instincts—such as the love of his home or his mother or of children—by which he always can be moved. But because these feelings are good and fine is no reason why we should allow them to drag us away from reason and common-sense.

A few months ago two boys left Chicago and began a career of robbery and murder. After they had killed nine men some farmers and constables pursued them and drove them to bay. When they were forced to surrender one boy came out, crying: "Don't kill me. I want to see my mother!"

The other followed, begging: "Spare me! Let me see my dear mother, too, before I die."

Being spared, they recounted with jokes and laughter the story of the nine murders, detailing with gusto how they had been accomplished.

The point of this story lies in the fact that a wave of sympathy passed over the country in behalf of these human brutes who had shrewdly cried for their mothers, many editors of social and religious journals insisting that especial mercy should be shown them on the ground of this saving grace which was in them. It does not concern us whether their plea is heard or not. How Chicago courts may deal with any given criminal really matters very little to the country; but that the country should pay respect to cant matters a great deal

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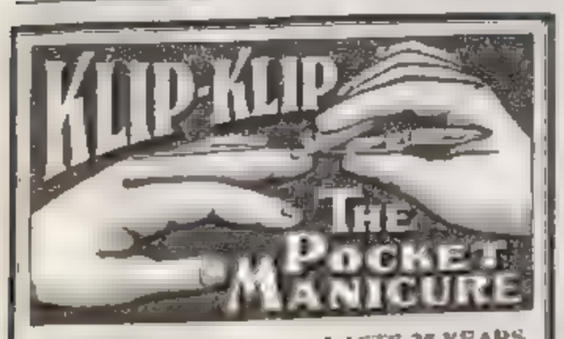

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Enigmas and Puzzles

By WILLIAM MATHEWS

WHO does not love a good enigma, or a cunningly-devised riddle or puzzle? Few persons, we think, except those solemn, matter-of-fact-folk who scorn everything that is not practical—who, as Jean Paul says, determine the course of a zephyr by a sea-compass and the heart of a girl by conic sections. What better form of amusement for a dull hour, what pleasanter titillation of the brain, than the effort to solve these petty problems, to explain these ingenious puzzles, the explanation of which gently exercises the mind without torturing it like the attempt to learn the "secret of Hegel," "the philosophy of the conditioned," or any other metaphysical mystery? In these cunning devices we have a common source of amusement for young and old—for the untrained youth, the mature man, and the intellectual graybeard. Will it be said that the explication of enigmas is nothing but guessing? It would be easy to disprove this; but, allowing it, what, we would ask, is the greatest discovery or invention but the result of guessing? What were the three laws of the solar system, the discovery of which made Kepler immortal, but the results of lucky guesses?

Of the various forms of enigma the name is legion. One shrewd device consists in taking the letters of a word, adding to or subtracting from them, and seeing how the meaning thus becomes changed. Here is a happy example: "My first two letters are a man, my first three a woman, my first four a brave man, my whole a brave woman." In this we have the literal constituents of "heroine." No less a man than the great orator, Charles James Fox, is said to have invented the following, which, to save the reader from the distressing consequence of his not discovering the solution, we may whisper in his ear, relates to *glass:*

What is pretty and useful in various ways,
Though it tempts some poor mortals to shorten their days?
Take one letter from it, and there will appear
What youngsters admire every day in the year;
Take two letters from it, and then, without doubt,
You are what that is, if you don't find it out

Fox is said to be author of the following riddle on a "watch": "I went to the Crimea; I stopped there; I never went there; and I came back again."

One of the best riddles in English is this

Form'd long ago, yet made to-day,
I'm most in use while others sleep;
What few would wish to give away,
But fewer still would wish to keep.

The solution is—a bed

Not the least ingenious form of a riddle is that which has been attributed to Professor Whewell, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and to the Reverend R. Egerton Warburton. It is based on the near identity of sound between "cipher" and "sigh for," on the fact that cipher stands for zero, nought, 0, or nothing; that cipher is also a motto or monogram; and, finally, that the exclamation O (Oh!) is shaped nearly like the cipher 0. A lady asks for your cipher and motto, and you reply thus.

U O a O, but I O thee,
O O no O, but O O me,
Or else let O thy O go,
And give back O O I O thee.

To this the lady responds.

I'd O your O, but O U not;
A O am I, and can't O your lot;
I send you a O and O your pain;
But a O your O U O in vain.

"*Where—well* done!" a punning reader might exclaim.

If the following is less clever than the sighing riddle, it is not the device of a bungler:

Stand take to takings.
I you throw my.

I understand
You undertake
To overthrow
My undertakings.

Richard Whately, the witty archbishop, when told that gardening had been found to be an excellent occupation for lunatics, replied: "I should doubt that; they might *grow madder.*" Was it the same merry divine who propounded the following riddle, the answer to which we leave the reader to discover:

When from the ark's capacious round
The beasts came forth in pairs,
Who was the first to hear the sound
Of boots upon the stairs?

Various solutions of this have been offered, but the true key to the enigma is yet to be found. It is said that there was much curiosity about it at one time at Oxford, England, and the author of the riddle was said to be a university man in high position who had offered fifty pounds to any man who would guess it. We are reminded here of a very clever American conundrum: "Why is it that when a man bumps his head against a post or stone wall he sees stars?" "Because it makes him *sore aloft.*"

The accomplished statesman, George Canning, once devised a happy enigma on the effect of adding the letter "s" to the word "cares"—converting a plural into a singular, troubles into a pleasure. A capital enigma of this class, or rather a logogram, was by Lord Macaulay, on a word which the reader's ingenuity will doubtless enable him to detect.

Cut off my head, and singular I am;
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;
Cut off my head and tail, and, wondrous feat,
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there.
What is my head, cut off? A sounding sea;
What is my tail, cut off? A rushing river;
And in their mighty depths I fearless play,
Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute forever.

Of the puzzles in letters the following is a good specimen:

C C
S I

"The season is backward" (The C's on is backward)

If any of the young readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are wrestling at school or college with problems of Latin translation, they may find it a good exercise to render the following sentence into English:

Mea mater mala est sus.

Cowper, William Pitt and Dean Swift did not disdain to invent riddles. The last wrote not less than a score of them, of which the following is a sample:

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast
Till I eat the world at last

The answer is "Time"

We know not the authorship of the following: "What is it that lives without a body, hears without ears, speaks without a mouth, to which the air alone gives birth?" It is [illegible].

The author of the next riddle is the great national poet of Germany, who at eighteen years of age startled the theatrical world with his powerful tragedy of The Robbers—Schiller:

A bridge weaves its arch with pearls,
High over the tranquil se
In a moment it unfurls
Its span unbounded, free
The tallest ship with swelling sail
May pass beneath its arch with ease.
It carries no burden, it is too frail,
And when you approach, it flies.
With the flood it comes, with the rain it goes,
And what it is made of, nobody knows.

Do you "give it up"? What can it be but the "Rainbow"?

It is stated by a writer in the American Journal of Psychology that there are more than thirty species of word-puzzles, many of which not only challenge ingenuity and involve logical processes, but also have point as information tests. The same writer states that in France, in the eighteenth century, there was a marked interest in riddles and enigmas. Voltaire and Rousseau wrote them, and their solution sufficed in polite society to give one a reputation.

The charade has been defined as a series of riddles, each of which refers to a single letter or syllable of a word, the whole series together referring to some word-total. Archbishop Whately is credited with the following:

My first is expressive of no disrespect,
But I shall never call you by it when you are by.
If my second you still are resolved to reject,
As dead as my whole I shall presently lie.

Answer: Herring (Her Ring).

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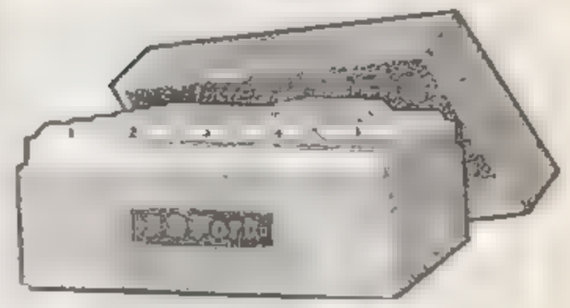

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Reduced Prices on Suits and Skirts

Made to Your Order Not Ready-Made.

WE GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU.

Catalogue and Samples Free.

THIS [illegible] materials, at one-third [illegible]

All of these fabrics are suitable for late Winter or early Spring wear. All of our styles and more than 200 of our best materials share in this sale

Remember, we make everything to order.

Nothing ready-made.

TAILOR-MADE SUITS, former price $11.25, reduced to $7.50; $15 Suits reduced to $10; $20 Suits reduced to $13.33; $25 Suits reduced to $16.67; $30 Suits reduced to $20; $36 Suits reduced to $24.

WALKING AND DRESS SKIRTS in the newest models, former price $6.50, reduced to $4.33; $9 Skirts reduced to $6; $12 Skirts reduced to $8; $15 Skirts reduced to $10.

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We pay express charges to any part of the United States

[illegible] dealing with us, as you [illegible] and we will refund your [illegible]

[illegible] full assortment of samples [illegible] color of [illegible] as to se[illegible] you with. If you [illegible] Catalogue, ask for these samples only, being sure to mention you have the Catalogue

NEW SPRING CATALOGUE

We are now preparing [illegible] Spring [illegible] from $10 to $40; Skirts, from $5 to $20; Spring Jackets, from $10 to $40; Etamine Costumes and Skirts, Mohair and Brilliantine Suits and Skirts, Walking Suits, Visiting Costumes, etc. Every [illegible] you wish for Spring [illegible] No. 51 Sample envelope.

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119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York
Established 15 years.

YOUR EYE

Conklin's

SELF-FILLING PEN

"The Pen That Fills Itself"

Dip pen in any ink well or any ink, press lever and operation is over. As a matter of cleanliness, comfort and convenience, don't you owe it to yourself to learn more about this perfect pen? If you will let us send you our beautiful new illustrated catalogue, it will make you a CONKLIN enthusiast

THE CONKLIN PEN CO., 772 Madison Ave., Toledo, Ohio

[illegible] Great Britain by American Agencies, 1[illegible] 38 Shoe Lane, Farringdon St., London, E. C., in Australia by Rae, Mann & Gilbert, 67 Market St., Melbourne

100 VISITING CARDS Post paid **35c**

[illegible] Order filled day received. Booklet Card Style Free [illegible] business professional fraternal [illegible] All [illegible]

E. J. SCHUSTER PTG. & ENG. CO., DEPT. 31 ST. LOUIS, MO

The Honor of the Bastables

(Continued from Page 15)

I believe this is about what he said, and we understood that he wanted us to come and see his mother, and that he would give Alice something pretty and then see us safe out of the horrible brown-gray country

So we agreed to go with them, for we knew those five boys would be waiting for us on the way back, most likely with strong reenforcements. Alice stopped crying the minute she could—I must say she is better than Dora in that way—and we followed the Chinamen, who walked in single file, like Indians, so we did the same and talked to each other over our shoulders. Our grateful Oriental friends led us through a good many streets and suddenly opened a door with a key, pulled us in and shut the door. Dicky thought of kidnaping and Florence Dombey and good Mrs. Brown, but Oswald had no such unnoble thoughts

The room was small and very, very odd It was very dirty, too, but perhaps it is not polite to say that. There was a sort of sideboard at one end of the room, with an embroidered cloth on it and on the cloth a blue-and-white crockery image over a foot high It was very fat and army and leggy, and I think it was an idol. The minute we got inside the young man lighted little brown sticks and set them to burn in front of it. I suppose it was incense. There was a sort of long wide, low sofa, without any arms or legs, and a table that was like a box, with another box in front of it for you to sit down on when you worked, and on the table were all sorts of tiny little tools—awls and brads they looked like—and pipe-stems and broken bowls of pipes and mouthpieces, for our rescued Chinaman was a pipe mender by trade There wasn't much else in the room except the smell, and that seemed to fill it chock-full The smell seemed to have all sorts of things in it—glue and gunpowder and white garden lilies and burnt fat—and it was not so easy to breathe as plain air

Then a Chinese lady came in. She had gray-green trousers, shiny like varnish, and a blue gown, and her hair was pulled back very tight and twisted in a little knob at the back

She wanted to go down on the floor before Alice, but we wouldn't let her. Then she said a great many things that we feel sure were very nice, only they were in Chinese, so we could not tell what they were.

And the Chinaman said that his mother also wanted Alice to walk on her head—not Alice's own, of course, but the mother's

I wish we had stayed longer and tried harder to understand what they said, because it was an adventure, take it how you like, that we're not likely to look upon the like of again. Only we were too flustered to see this

We said, "Don't mention it," and things like that. And when Dicky said, "We ought to be going," Oswald thought so, too.

Then they all began talking Chinese like mad and the Chinese lady came back and suddenly gave Alice a parrot

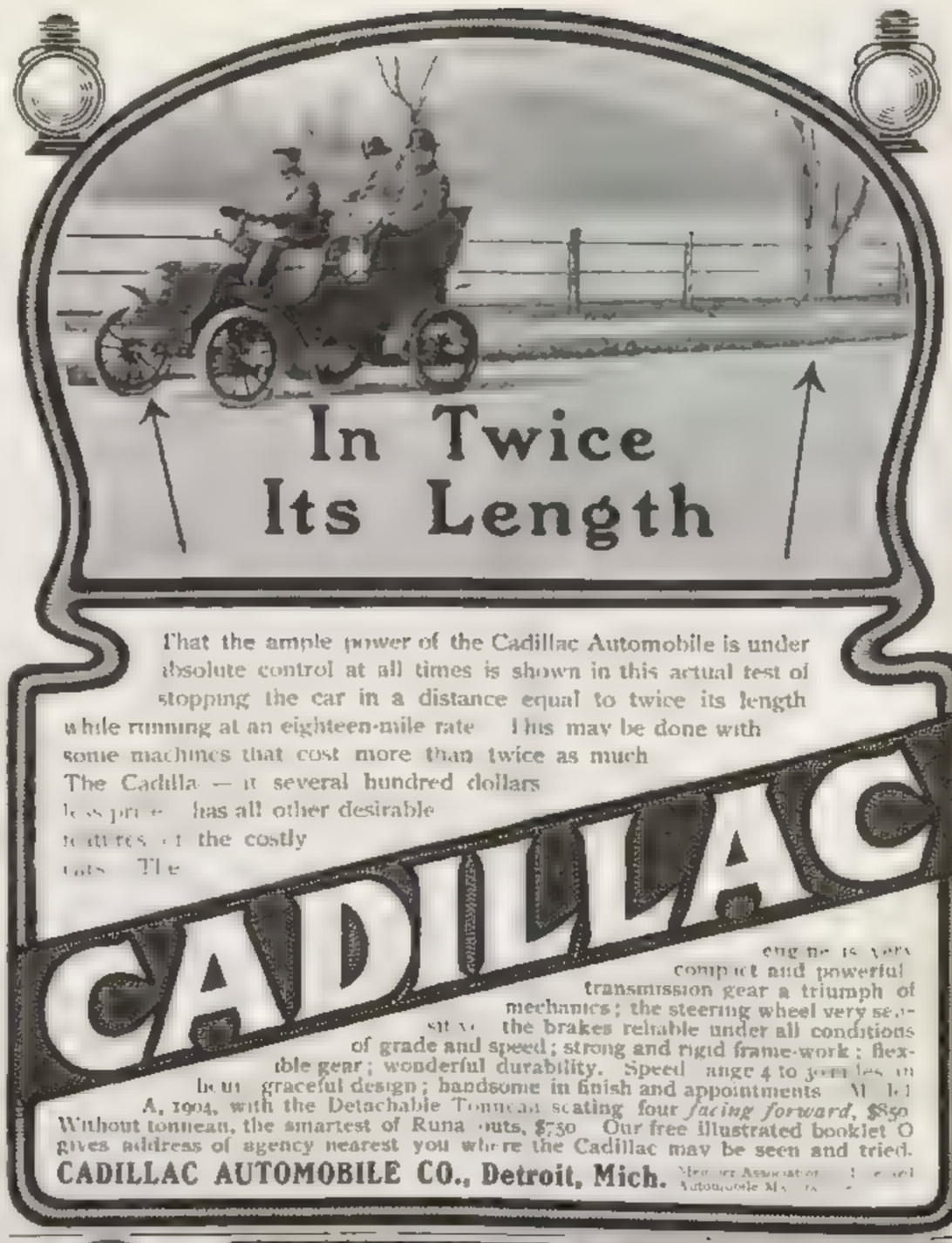
It was red and green with a very long tail and as tame as any pet fawn I ever read about. It walked up her arm and round her neck and stroked her face with its beak, and it did not bite Oswald or Alice or even Dicky, though they could not be sure at first that it was not going to

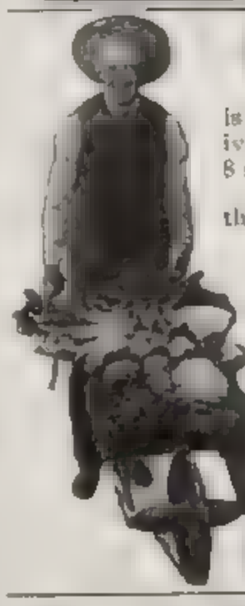
We said all the polite things we could, and the old lady said thousands of hurried Chinese things and repeated many times, "Allee litey, John," which seemed to be all the English she knew.

We never had so much fuss made over us in all our lives. I think it was that that upset our calmness and seemed to put us into a sort of silly dream that made us not see what idiots we were to hurry from scenes we should never again behold. So we went. And the youthful Celestial saw us safely to the top of Bullamy's Stairs, and left us there with the parrot and floods of words that seemed all to end in double "e."

We wanted to show him to the others, but he would not come, so we rejoined our anxious relations without him. The scene of rejoinder was painful at first, because they were frightfully sick at us having been such an age away, but when we let them look at the parrot and told them about the fight they agreed that it was not our fault and we had been unavoidably detained. But Dora said:

"Well, you may say I'm always preaching, but I *don't* think Father would like Alice to be fighting street boys in Millwall."


In Twice Its Length
That the ample power of the Cadillac Automobile is under absolute control at all times is shown in this actual test of stopping the car in a distance equal to twice its length while running at an eighteen-mile rate This may be done with some machines that cost more than twice as much The Cadillac—at several hundred dollars less price—has all other desirable features of the costly cars The engine is very compact and powerful transmission gear a triumph of mechanics; the steering wheel very sensitive the brakes reliable under all conditions of grade and speed; strong and rigid frame-work; flexible gear; wonderful durability. Speed range 4 to 30 miles an hour graceful design; handsome in finish and appointments Model A, 1904, with the Detachable Tonneau seating four *facing forward*, $850 Without tonneau, the smartest of Runabouts, $750 Our free illustrated booklet O gives address of agency nearest you where the Cadillac may be seen and tried.
CADILLAC
CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.
Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

is the title of **Our New Catalogue for 1904**—the most superb and instructive horticultural publication of the day—**190 pages**—300 engravings 8 superb colored plates of vegetables and flowers.

To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope
Counts as Cash

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses ten cents (in stamps), we will mail the catalogue, and also send, FREE OF CHARGE, our famous 50-cent "HENDERSON" COLLECTION OF SEEDS, containing one packet each of Sweet Peas Large Mixed Hybrids, Pansies, Giant Fancy Mixed, Asters Giant Victoria Mixed; Big Boston Lettuce Early Ruby Tomato and Cardinal Radish, in a coupon envelope, which will be [illegible] and redeemed by us when accepted as a *25-cent cash payment* on any order of goods selected from catalogue, to the amount of $1 and upward

PETER HENDERSON & CO 35 & 37 Cortlandt ST. NEW YORK CITY

F. G. Atkinson, Manager of the Washburn-Crosby Milling Co., the largest flour mills in the world says

"IF A MAN IN MY EMPLOY CAN'T SPELL CORRECTLY WRITE GRAMMATICALLY AND WORD HIS LETTERS INTELLIGENTLY AND EFFECTIVELY, I DISCHARGE HIM AT ONCE."

Conklin's Writing Desk Book

HELPS ALL WHO WRITE. IT CONTAINS

HAVE I USED THE RIGHT WORD? [illegible] Synonyms and Antonyms. Page [illegible]
HAVE I SPELLED IT CORRECTLY? Consult [illegible] Words Difficult to Spell [illegible]
SHALL I USE A CAPITAL LETTER? [illegible]
IS THE SENTENCE GRAMMATICAL? [illegible] Grammar. Pages [illegible]
IS IT PROPERLY CONSTRUCTED? Consult [illegible] Construction. Page [illegible]
HAVE I PUNCTUATED IT CORRECTLY? Consult How to Punctuate Correctly? Page [illegible]
IS IT CORRECT IN STYLE? [illegible] Composition. Pages [illegible]

This volume contains also Forms of Address Slips of the Tongue and Pen Abbreviations in Common Use A Dictionary of Quotations, and much other miscellaneous matter of great value. Bound in leather 384 pages. Mailed on receipt of 50c by

GEO. W. DOILVIE & CO., 179 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Make Money Making Ads

The expert Ad Writer easily [illegible] of business from the [illegible] because he was [illegible] to write good ads [illegible] knew how

We Know How To Write Good Ads

[illegible] 'Advertising Booklet

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

The Advertising World
COLUMBUS OHIO
[illegible]
Send today for FREE sample or 10c for 4 months trial

$2500 to $4000 per annum—salaried position. An established Cereal Food Co. desires the services of an energetic reliable man with good business record

Address Supt. Box 2484, Battle Creek, Mich

"Head precious in the world's esteem"

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

For every growing and grown member of every family.

A refreshing food-drink, more beneficial and delicious than tea or coffee.

Pure, rich milk and extract of malted grain in powder form. Instantly prepared by simply stirring in water.

Our Booklet tells of many other valuable uses. Mailed with sample of Horlick's Malted Milk, free upon request.

At Druggists

Ask for HORLICK'S, others are imitations

Horlick's Food Company Racine Wis

The "Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcase

Sent on approval

The O J Lundstrom Co.
Little Falls N Y

Formerly The Lundstrom Mfg Co.

"I suppose *you'd* have run away and let the old man be killed," said Dicky, and peace was not restored till we were nearly at Greenwich again.

We took the train to Greenwich station and then we took a cab home (and well worth the money, which was all we now had got except fourpence halfpenny), for we were all dog-tired.

And "dog"-tired reminds me that we hadn't found Pincher, in spite of all our trouble.

Miss Blake, who is our housekeeper, was angrier than I have ever seen her. She had been so anxious that she had sent the police to look for us. But, of course, they had not found us. You ought to make allowances for what people do when they are anxious, so I forgive her everything, even what she said about Oswald being a disgrace to a respectable house. He owns we were rather muddy, owing to the fight

And when the jaw was over and we were having tea, and there was meat to it, because we were as near starving as I ever wish to be, we all ate lots. Even the thought of Pincher could not thwart our bold appetites, though we kept saying: "Poor old Pincher; I do wish we'd found him," and things like that. The parrot walked about among the tea things as tame as tame could be, and just as Alice was saying how we'd go out again to-morrow and have another try for our faithful hound there was a scratching at the door, and we rushed, and there was Pincher, perfectly well and mad with joy to see us

H. O. turned an abrupt beet-root color

"Oh," he said

We said: "What? Out with it." And, though he would much rather have kept it a secret buried in his breast we made him own that he had shut Pincher up yesterday in the empty rabbit hutch, when he was playing Zoological Gardens, and had forgotten all about it in the pleasures of seeing our consumed a bright dark navy blue

So we need not have gone over the water at all. But, though Oswald pities all dumb animals, especially those helplessly shut in rabbit hutches at the bottoms of gardens, he cannot be sorry that we had such a celestial adventure and got hold of such a parrot. For Alice says that Oswald and Dicky and she shall have the parrot between them

She is tremendously straight. I often wonder why she was made a girl. She's a jolly sight more of a gentleman than half the boys at our school

Towne's Answer

ONE is constantly hearing of the bright speeches of Senator Chauncey M. Depew and of how frequently he confounds his enemies with his quick repartee. There is a legend of the cloakrooms of the Senate at Washington, though, that tells how the Honorable Charles A. Towne, of Minnesota, silenced, for once, the quick tongue of the famous wit. Towne was then in the Senate, having been appointed by Governor Lind, of Minnesota, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Cushman K. Davis. It was on the floor of the Senate that the tilt between Towne and Depew took place

During his brief sojourn in the Senate the man who declined to be the running mate of William Jennings Bryan in his second race for the Presidency made but one speech of note He had come to Washington with a reputation as an orator, and when he arose to speak he was accorded the strictest attention from both sides of the chamber.

Depew and the venerable and scholarly Hoar crossed over from the Republican side and took seats directly in front of Towne, the better to hear what he had to say. When the Minnesotan's arraignment of the Republican party came to an end both Depew and Hoar went forward to congratulate him. Depew reached him first.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Towne," he said, shaking him vigorously by the hand. "You made a splendid speech. I enjoyed every word of it. Your language was ornate and your eloquence matchless, but your reasoning was—damnable"

"Thank you, Senator," replied Towne "You have praised most handsomely the only portions of my speech of which you are capable of forming an opinion."

"YOUR BEST FRIEND IS A DOLLAR SAVED"

Ben Franklin

A DOLLAR in a safe bank will never go back on you It is the best kind of a friend to have. There'll come a time when you will need just such a friend. Begin now to make sure of having it.

The Keystone Bank of Pittsburgh

accepts deposits of one dollar and over, by mail, from any part of the country. It pays 4 per cent. per annum interest, compounded every six months. It offers absolute security—over $4,000,000 resources *and not a dollar of it in stocks or bonds.* It owns a building worth $1,200,000. It has a board of directors who give the business of the bank daily attention. Write for booklet which explains our system of banking by mail

THE KEYSTONE BANK OF PITTSBURGH
Pittsburgh, Pa.

INVENTIONS

patented and sale undertaken if patent is obtained through us. 30 years' experience. Send for book ...

PATENT DEVELOPMENT COMPANY OF AMERICA
180 Broadway, New York City

From $20 to $50 a WEEK in FOUR MONTHS

How a Stenographer Became an ADVERTISING MANAGER

DON RANDOLPH

Offices of MEYER & CO., Kut-fer-u Clothing,
190-196 Market Street
CHICAGO, ILL.

MR. W. A. MERRIAM, Mgr., DEC. 3, 1903.
Chicago College of Advertising, Chicago.

Dear Sirs:—Before I became an Advertising Manager I was employed as stenographer in the offices of the D. L. & W. Ry., each day becoming more discontented with office drudgery. Investigation opened my eyes to the wonderful possibilities of advertising, but I foolishly delayed taking up the study until six months ago, when I enrolled with the Chicago College of Advertising A short time after my graduation, they offered me, at intervals of a few days, three positions at from $1,200 to $1,900 a year, and on September 12th I became Advertising Manager for one of the largest concerns in the United States making hand-tailored garments strictly to measure Meyer & Company have been in business nearly twenty years and are rated at $125,000. **My income has been increased from $20 to $50.00 a week, at a cost of but $40.00, and my time during my evenings for four months.**

Based on my own past and present I cannot too strongly urge any one who is ambitious to take up the study of advertising **There's a keen demand for men who are properly trained in Advertising Management, and I think I am in a position, if any one is, to say that this is the kind of instruction you will receive from the Chicago College of Advertising.**

You will see that I have written earnestly and, I hope, convincingly, and if this will put any man on the right track I feel that I shall have benefited mankind

Wishing you success, I am,

Yours very truly,
DON RANDOLPH.

THE MAHIN METHOD

ALWAYS NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER

If you have a Common School Education and can write good English YOUR CHANCES ARE AS GOOD AS HIS. Begin today by filling out this coupon.

Chicago College of Advertising
310 Williams Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

Third ... Advertising Department ... greatest possible success in life

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
310 Williams Building
CHICAGO

Name

Business

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Comfort and Service. Guaranteed—"All breaks made good." 50 cents and $1.00. Any shop or by mail.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 231, Shirley, Mass.

WALTER BAKER'S

Cocoa and Chocolate

Always look for this Trade-Mark

The FINEST in the World

Costs Less Than One Cent a Cup

Forty-One Highest Awards in Europe and America

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

Dorchester, Mass.

The Reading Table

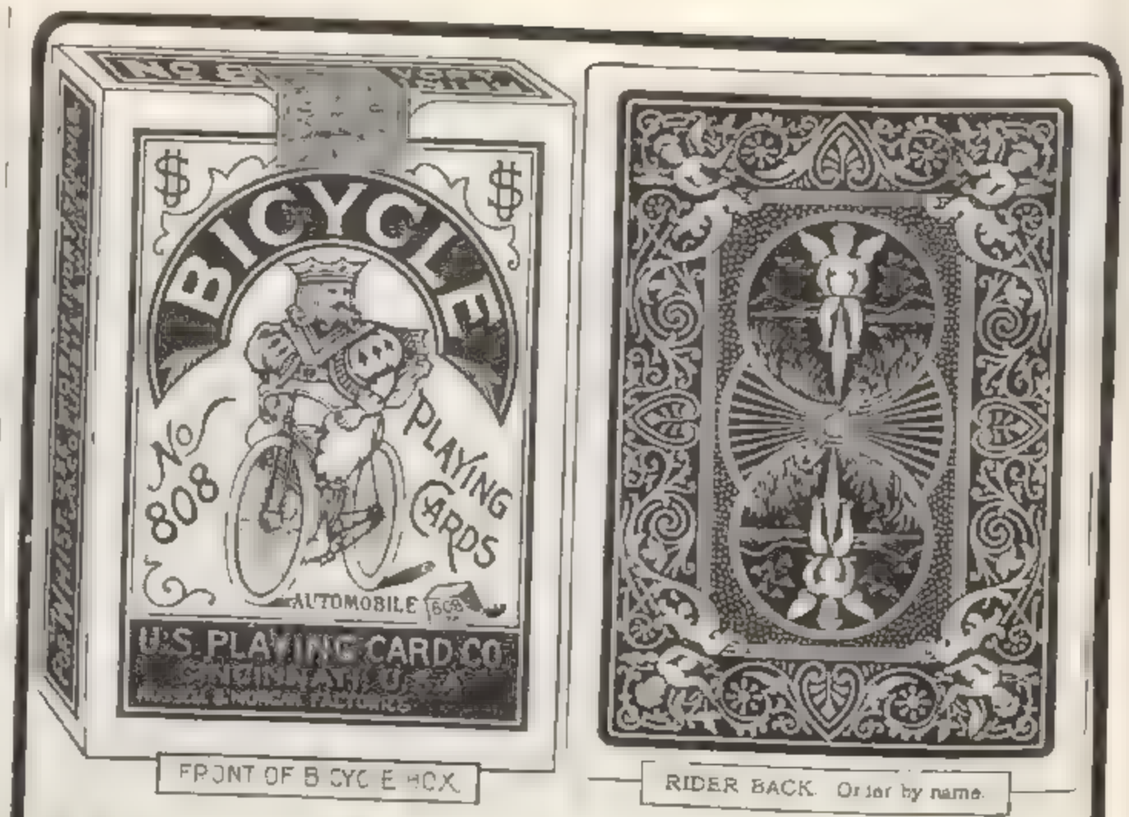
A Commodity of Good Names

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, though himself an offender, used to be strongly in favor of two names only for a writer. "It's hard enough to remember you fellows, popping up overnight, without having to struggle with three names," he once said in his emphatic manner to a young author who was starting burdened with a trio of names, all long. "Personally I think you should be allowed only numbers till you have demonstrated that you're worth a name, but that might be cruelty. But don't, for your own sake, as well as for that of humanity, have more than two. If parental enthusiasm bestowed more, suppress the others. It simplifies matters, as the soldier said when the cannon-ball took off one leg."

That the public will more quickly come to recognize and remember a two-division name than one of further articulation will not, perhaps, require any argument to gain acceptance. Rudyard Kipling's name was a joy at first and does not lose on long acquaintance. Besides, there are those with a peculiar mental twist that causes them hopelessly to transpose the last two-thirds of a given name they have met only in print, especially if they are both family names. And when a three-link man begins himself deliberately to juggle his names, as did a certain author whom some one has lately called in despair Ernest Thompse-Tonson, most plain citizens will give up and call him (as they do) "that animal man who changed his name."

The number of writers who have "simplified matters" according to Mr. Stoddard's plan is rather large; and no doubt there are many others who have not been detected. Bret Harte is one of the first to come to mind, whose short and somewhat explosive name was originally preceded by Francis. So in a good hour did both Bliss Carman and Clyde Fitch make away with a superfluous preliminary William, while Frederick MacMonnies, the sculptor, likewise plucked out the same offending name, though in his case it was intermedial. But, though crushed on these fields the unfortunate William [illegible] lived on in the case of the author of Their Wedding Journey. But would not Dean Howells have been as good a name to conjure realism with? Brander Matthews sacrificed a leading James in his name, and Booth Tarkington an opening Newton, while the slaughter in the case of Peter Sheaf Hersey Newell was obviously something considerable. Many have supposed that Will Low, the painter, has also had a struggle with a William, and only half triumphed, but such is not the fact, since the Will is not a fragment, but a full family name, and his by inheritance. However, Mr. Low is not without his record for cognominal homicide, since a middle name of Hicok fell to satisfy Mr. Stoddard's theory. As for Jack London, it is impossible to say if he achieved the Jack after his own designs or was so baptized—though, if the latter, it must have been something of a strain on the good man who performed the ceremony, after exorcising "the old Adam in this child," to have continued, "Jack, I baptize thee." It might be a nice theological question if a child deliberately christened Jack would be entirely immune from "the devil and all his works." Walt Whitman, it is known, began life as Walter, but cut it down in the interest of democracy. But his comrades of the pen who have come after have not followed his simple example, and we have (alas!) Charles G. D. Roberts and Stewart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor. "Chat I say!" you say! He will never do it.

It would seem that the short name ought to fit the spirit of the age which has reduced the three-volume novel to one volume, and usually a small volume at that, but the fact is that the three-section name is almost a modern invention. From Geoffrey Chaucer to Charles Dickens English literature shows very few men with more than two names. Perhaps the custom of the long-linked name is largely of American origin. Bryant, Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier and Emerson were hopeless offenders. In England it is quite customary in speaking of these and other three-named personages to omit the first name: thus it is apt to be Russell Lowell and Wendell Holmes. Mr. Stoddard would have argued that all had gained by this process—Cullen Bryant, Waldo Emerson, and so forth. But what our British cousins really find humorous about us in this respect is our



FRONT OF BICYCLE BOX.

RIDER BACK. Order by name.

Bicycle Playing Cards are Good Cards.

Their splendid wearing and playing qualities, are found in no other popular-priced card.

Hoyle for 10c. In stamps or this coupon. 128 pages. Address Department 27

Sold by dealers all over the world.

The U. S. Playing Card Co, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Duplicate Whist—most fascinating of card games—in which skill, not luck, triumphs. Played with Paine's Duplicate Whist Trays. Lessons free with each set. Write us.

WELCH'S GRAPE JUICE

Well has the name "Nature's Purest Food and Drink" been given to Welch's Grape Juice. It is just what it purports to be—wholly grape juice, undiluted and unfermented, as pure and delicious as the grape in the cluster.

You cannot find a medicine as pleasant to take or one that will do you so much good. Remember, "Welch's."

Your druggist and grocer has it. A qt. bottle by mail, 10c. Book of recipes, free.

WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO., Westfield, N. Y.

DO NOT STAMMER

[illegible] 19th Year

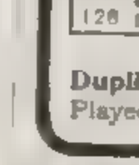
THE PIONEER STAMMERING SCHOOL

STUDY LAW At Home

Our way of teaching law by mail has prepared our students for practice in every State, for success in business and public life. The original school, established 13 years.

SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
535 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

SQUABS



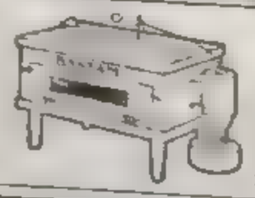
[illegible] get 75 cents to [illegible] can do [illegible] Send for our free book, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn [illegible] Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 2 A Friend Street, Boston, Mass.

LEARN TO WRITE SHORTHAND

Stenography as It Should be Taught and as No Other Man Ever Taught It. [illegible] with this institution [illegible] PAGE DAVIS SHORTHAND SCHOOL, [illegible] Wabash Ave., Chicago

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL

STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo. Dansville, N. Y. Etc.



The Bantam

[illegible] eggs on all. One customer writes he obtained 91 [illegible] from 96 eggs. The Bantam has been very fertile [illegible] every time. Catalogue [illegible]

BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO., Box 31, Springfield, O.

Here is the Split Hickory Special For 1904

The thousands of [illegible] great pride in bringing up a [illegible] spending every effort in our [illegible] for $50 that had every good [illegible] have been rewarded. Our sales [illegible] hundreds every day [illegible] owner we are enabled [illegible] dressing of [illegible] Hickory line.

The Split Hickory—split, not [illegible] spoke in this advertisement will not permit our giving a few [illegible] of this vehicle. It is fully described in our new 136-page Split Hickory Catalogue of vehicles and harness, [illegible] ready for distribution. It is free. Send for one at once. NOTE—We carry a full line of high grade harness, sold direct at wholesale.

$50 Sent anywhere on 30 Days' FREE TRIAL

THE OHIO CARRIAGE MFG. CO., S. C. Phelps, Pres., 1560 Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For All Starching

from dainty laces to the heaviest pieces—for the best results—for the greatest economy, use

Kingsford's OSWEGO Silver Gloss STARCH

Its superiority shows in the results—purest whiteness, satiny finish, a stiffness that is flexible and elastic—not harsh and crackly. These are some of the points by which you know goods starched with this starch. It saves because a smaller quantity is needed.

ALL GROCERS HAVE IT

THE OSWEGO STARCH FACTORY
OSWEGO, N. Y.

Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress $15.

3 feet wide, 30 lbs.	$8.35
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	10.00
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.	11.70
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.	13.35
All 6 feet 3 inches long.	15.00

In two parts, 50 cents extra

Sent Anywhere Express Prepaid

and your money refunded if not all you hoped for after 30 Nights' Free Trial.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 101 Elizabeth St., N. Y.

"You-We" Score Tablet FOR WHIST Pedro, [illegible] Euchre [illegible] Makes scoring easy [illegible] Price 5 cents post free

You-We Company
158 Griswold Street Detroit Michigan

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, [illegible] Own Make [illegible] Thorn[illegible]

[illegible] for amateur bands

LYON & HEALY, 10 Adams St., Chicago

reduction of our middle name to a mere initial, as Chauncey M. Depew. Considering not too curiously, this does seem a queer custom; but it is one not entirely unknown in England as witness Stanley J. Weyman among literary men. In America it is usually the politician and the business man who offend in this direction; your true literary man commonly lops off with relentless modesty or effloresces in full. But if he begins with any mysterious initials they are pretty sure to expand. Charles Battell Loomis (guilty as charged!) once wrote a little verse on this subject. Thus he sang

When Hill, the poet, first essayed
To push the goose's quill,
Scarce any name at all he made
('Twas simply 'A. H. Hill.")

But as success his efforts crowned,
Rewarding, greater skill,
His name expanded at a bound
It was "A. Hiller Hill."

Now that his work, be what it may,
Is sure to "fill the bill,"
He has a name as wide as day
("Aquilla Hiller Hill.")

True enough! It used to be H. G. Wells. Now it is Herbert George Wells.

The writing ladies who start with three well-rounded names and then marry once or twice always hitching on the new name, also present a problem. It would seem the part of business sagacity for them to cling to the name they started with for all public authorship purposes. The stage ladies do this—fortunately. This suggests one advantage to the public when a woman writes under an assumed name (why always a man's?)—marriage doesn't alter it. But with writers of either sex using *a nom de plume* there is always the danger that they will change their minds and suddenly come out in their true names; though if a writer with an assumed name becomes at all well known we must bear the burden of both his names, anyhow. Some one once asked Mark Twain why he began writing under an assumed name. "Well," he said in a reluctant tone, "justice was swift in those days. It seemed safer."

The Oyster of the Plains

SENATOR H. C. HANSBROUGH, of North Dakota, has had wide experience in country journalism, and never fails to say a good word for the rural newspapers, which, as a whole, he considers, have much more influence than the city dailies. He once owned a small weekly paper near his home at Devil's Lake, North Dakota, and, not having time to attend to it himself, hired an editor. Several journalists rose and fell in the position, but the one who remains the most strongly fixed in the Senator's memory was a man named Weedson.

"He just 'came along,'" says the Senator in recalling the experience, "and as I wanted an editor and he wanted a job it was soon arranged. He was an energetic man but had his peculiarities. For one thing, he always insisted on spelling 'sugar' with an 'h.' He finally quit it, but only on the ground that I, being the owner of the paper, of course had a right to have any little personal vagaries in orthography carried out. He was fond of figurative language, and once, in a little editorial essay on the sacredness of the fireside, spoke of the faithful watch-dog or the good wife standing at the door to welcome the home-coming master with honest barks [illegible] but I had to dispense with Weedson's services at last.'

"Seems as if you could have stood anything after that," observed a friend.

"No, the end finally came. One day he referred to ice cream as 'that delicious bivalve.' Then we parted."

Ten Nights in a Barroom

HENRY VAN DYKE, when he first started the study of English Literature at Princeton, gave a special course in Sir Thomas Malory's Morte Arthure and Tennyson's Idylls of the King.

One day the conversation drifted to the number of knights who composed Arthur's Round Table. One of the Seniors asked Doctor Van Dyke how many he thought there were. "Very few, I think, as the number usually mentioned by reputable [illegible] was thirteen and forty-seven struck an average student. Well [illegible] there were," replied the doctor; "but then there must have been at least ten of the knights constantly on the road engaged in their different quests and pleasures around King Arthur's realm." "Oh, yes," burst forth an irrepressible Senior, "Arthur's Ten Nights in a Barroom."

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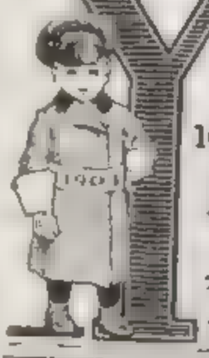

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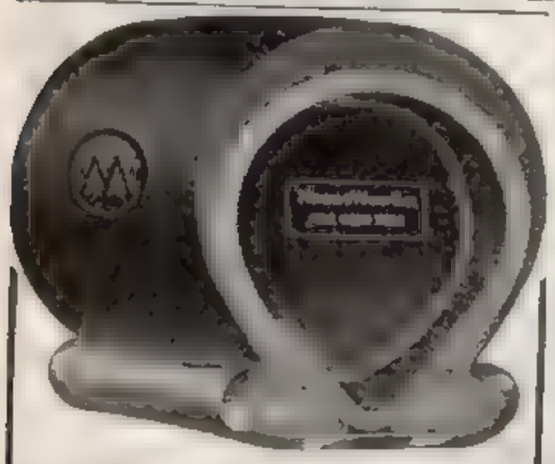

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How to Invest Your Savings

By John Farson

ALWAYS the first thing which the prospective investor must face is his own selfishness—and he would better do it, squarely and conclusively, right at the start. Money that has been saved from wages or salary looks very precious in the eyes of the man who has earned it

Naturally, it would seem that this way of looking at the little accumulation would make its owner doubly careful on the question of risking it. But often, if not generally, the effect of realizing how much it means to save even a comparatively small sum is exactly the reverse; the owner of the accumulation says to himself: "This is a big sum, I have spent years in saving it; so large an amount and one that has cost me so much sacrifice and steady effort ought to bring me a nice income!"

Consequently, I repeat, the first thing for a man to do who has saved something from his salary and wishes to place it at the best advantage is to hold a very frank session with himself and settle the question: "Are you looking for an investment or a speculation?" After he has had this out with himself he is then—and not until then—in a position to proceed intelligently

But, you ask, "how am I to tell the difference between an investment and a speculation?" Perhaps it is not wise to attempt arbitrarily to draw a hard and-fast line in answering that question; but it is difficult to be practical and helpful without being definite. Therefore I would put the matter this way: Generally speaking, any proposition that pledges to yield you more than five per cent. per annum is a speculation and not an investment

Let me put the matter another way: Experience has shown that an investment that yields more than five per cent. a year contains too large an element of risk to give the positive and solid basis of security which should be insisted on by the man who is putting into the enterprise what he cannot afford to lose.

Let us suppose that the reader is comparatively isolated from personal financial advisers of broad experience and seasoned judgment, as he would be if living in a small country town, and that he must get his information largely from the printed page and from correspondence. He wishes to get down to business and learn something about securities and investments

By all means the first thing for him to do is to get hold of the literature of the savings banks and study their rules and regulations regarding investments. Why? Because the laws of every State very carefully prescribe the kind of securities in which the bank that handles small deposits—the savings of working people—may invest. Some States are more severe and rigid than others in their regulations on this score; but all are careful to hedge the savings bank about with restrictions designed to make its every investment secure. So the attitude of a savings bank, as expressed in its rules for the investment of funds, is likely to be sound and conservative.

The Advantages of the Savings Bank

Then, too, the savings bank generally pays three per cent. on its deposits. This is a very fair rate for your money while you are simply "keeping it in storage" to get a sum large enough for a profitable investment. In the New England States "mutual" savings banks are quite common and pay a larger rate on deposits. Each depositor is regarded as a shareholder. There are certain long-time gilt-edged securities that pay a high rate of interest but command a high premium in the market. Generally, the savings bank laws declare that when the surplus or reserve of the bank exceeds a certain amount there shall be a distribution to depositors. As a matter of fact, such a distribution in the mutual companies is generally avoided by investing in these high-grade, long-time securities which enable the payment of an exceptional percentage of interest on deposits There is a lesson to be learned here by the prospective investor.

Every big city of the country has at least one house devoted to the handling of solid securities which is known as upright and substantial in its management—a house that is in business for a steady, permanent success and would regard the selling of a doubtful

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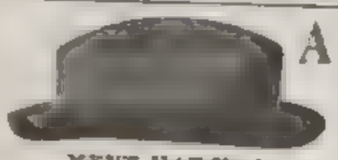

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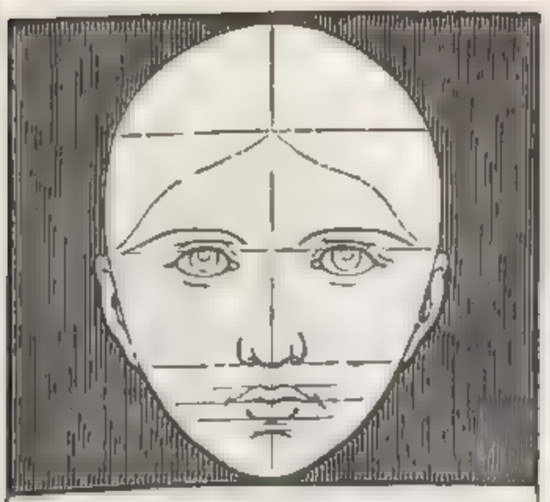

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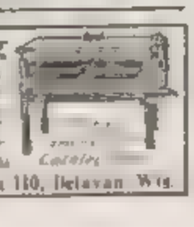

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security as suicidal, no matter how large the immediate profit realized. Let the prospective investor write to a house of this kind for information and advice; and then, perhaps, submit this counsel to his best local adviser. This is the most practical and secure method of procedure I can outline.

There are, however, a few very important facts which should firmly be fixed in the mind of every man who has under consideration the investment of his savings. The security of an investment and the rate of return it will bring are not the only things to be considered in the problem of putting out savings. Among bankers and financial men the term "convertibility" is much used—and it has a meaning that should be carefully figured on every time an investment is made. Not only is it important that you should have your money invested where it is safe and brings you a goodly percentage, but also where you can get it back quickly if any sudden change in your financial condition should come unexpectedly upon you.

Then, too, there is still another important element to be considered in making an investment—the amount and kind of personal attention you are able to give the enterprise in which you invest. If, for any reason you desire to have no care in connection with your investment you must pay for that immunity in a slightly lower per cent. of return.

Bonds and Mortgages

Let us suppose, for example, that you are a woman with neither the inclination nor the experience for active business life. It would, then, be decidedly foolish for you to put your money into an enterprise or a security that demanded the personal attention of yourself or of an agent employed by yourself. And the same observation applies to a very great number of men in a wide variety of callings—men who are not in position to give any personal attention to or have any anxiety about an investment after it is once made.

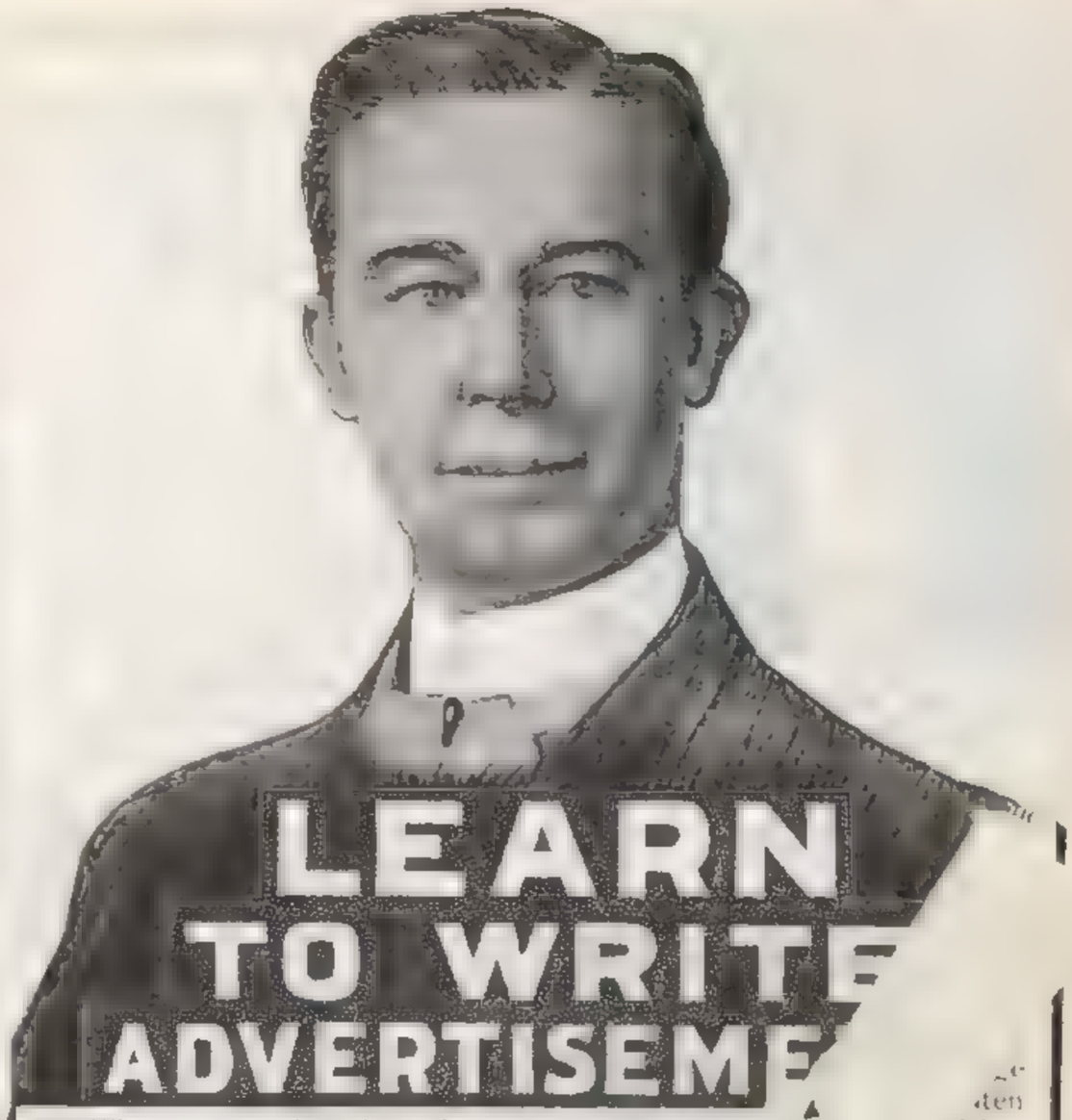
For persons of this kind it seems to me that the high-class bond furnishes the ideal investment. All the investor has to do is to put his investment away in his "tin box" or safe-deposit drawer and cut the coupons at the proper time. But, of course, there are bonds and *bonds*. Those of the United States Government represent the very pinnacle of security, they are non-taxable and, because of these and other facts, command a high premium—so high a premium that the net percentage of return looks almost infinitesimal to the small investor.

He may then turn to the long list of municipal bonds. The writer has handled millions of dollars' worth of these bonds, and the instances in which this kind of security has proved to be bad are so few he can almost count them on the fingers of one hand. It is not difficult to obtain a municipal bond paying from three and one-half per cent. to five per cent a year that is satisfactory and sound on the points of security and convertibility. Bonds of this kind—and, in fact, any good bonds—can be used as collateral at the bank for a loan of seventy-five per cent. to ninety per cent. on their face value; or they can be promptly sold at a good valuation. In my opinion there is no better investment.

But let us suppose that the investor has the time, inclination, experience and ability personally to look after his investment. Then he may enter the field of mortgages and, perhaps, get a larger percentage of return. The man who buys mortgages should and naturally will, follow the line of his experience and observation. If he is familiar with city real estate values and the manner of doing business in the city he may trust himself to buy city mortgages. On the other hand, the farm mortgage, next to the high class bond, is commonly held to be the best kind of investment.

Of course, it is important to know that the valuation has been soundly made—and right here is where the personal experience of the investor comes in. The more he knows of farm values the larger return and surer investment he can get. Generally speaking, good mortgages yield from four per cent. to six per cent. The man who has anywhere from $500 to $5000 of savings to invest, and knows enough about details of taxation and valuation properly to protect himself, will find a good field in farm mortgages.

I cannot dismiss the subject of savings and their investment without the reflection that the great improvements in cities, in lighting, in urban and rural transportation—all the great material civilizers covered by the phrase "public improvements"—are made possible mainly by the savings of the people who work for salary or wages.



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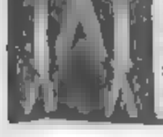

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A Colombian Armada

(Concluded from Page 21)

Panama as it would be to the English to lose Canada. These simple truths should not be overlooked during the prevailing wave of editorial casuistry in the United States.

Insincerity of purpose is responsible for the Colombian being the worst administration in the Western Hemisphere, excepting, of course, the black republics of Hayti and Santo Domingo. Two generations of Bogota "statesmen"—the "generals" and "dictators" of the extremely small governing class—have played with the canal concession as do jugglers with gilded globes. This sole asset of the country has first and last caused much jingling of foreign coin at the capital in the Andes, and the real case of the present dilemma—failure of the Colombian congress to affirm the Hay-Herran treaty—was unquestionably the proposal of Uncle Sam to pay Frenchmen $40,000,000 for their privileges and property on the isthmus. The "statesmen" of Colombia have a keen eye for proportion, and they were painfully aware of the difference between the ten millions coming to Colombia (all of which European creditors would claim) and the forty millions going to the French Canal Company. They believed that if their congress adjourned without action on the proposal to let the United States Government step into the Frenchmen's shoes that they might get a "rake-off" of twenty millions or so from the Paris people on promise to sanction later the proposed trade. But the uprising in a night of the Republic of Panama upset all their plans.

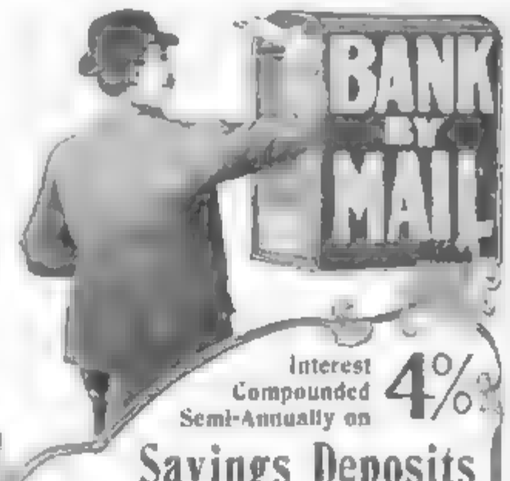
An Empty Treasury

A commercial enterprise in the unfortunate state of the Colombian Government would be judicially declared bankrupt; but a government can only be *de facto* bankrupt—this is the limit of its misfortune. Colombia's cash box is worse than empty: the country owes much to foreign creditors, and has nothing to pay with; the national administration is run at a loss, and, by reason of perpetual wasteful insurrections, trade in the country is paralyzed and the necessaries of life have advanced to prohibitory rates. The land is flooded with "emergency paper money," as a result of the late war between the conservative and liberal factions. Nobody knows how much of this specious medium is in circulation. For two years the Government was printing it daily, and unauthorized persons were creating it as rapidly as paper could be secured for the presses. The fear is ever present among merchants that this "money" may be repudiated by the Government any moment, and consequently it is passed hurriedly from person to person fearful of being landed with it when the dreaded edict comes from Bogota.

All this signifies that Colombia's credit is extremely low—it requires a mathematician to say each day what the exchange against the national currency is. In November and December last a United States dollar could be exchanged into 135 Colombian dollars (pesos). National liquidation must come soon. This accomplished, if the Colombians could be coerced into living better lives their country might in ten years be the envy of all South America. God has done everything for it.

Fearing that the sketchy character of a portion of this article may convey the idea that the Colombian is a poor soldier, if not worse, I want to record the opinion that he is one of the best fighters in the world when properly led. His fearlessness of death may possibly be exceeded by the Mussulman, but by none other. He goes willingly into a campaign knowing there will be no commissariat and no medical corps, he is always subject to the fear that his gun and ammunition may be found at a critical moment to be misfits, as a result of the "grafting" propensity of a compatriot commissioned to provide munitions; and he is generally certain that very little money will ever gravitate from Bogota to his pockets as compensation for his services. Yet this man or boy will unflinchingly face machine-gun fire if need be. But Colombia being a land of *mañana* and dishonest politicians, the quality of bravery exhibited by the common people produces little or no material benefit.

The Colombian must practice the vocation of agriculture, must cultivate honesty and thrift, and then his country can no longer be referred to as "wretched Colombia."



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Write for Booklet 4

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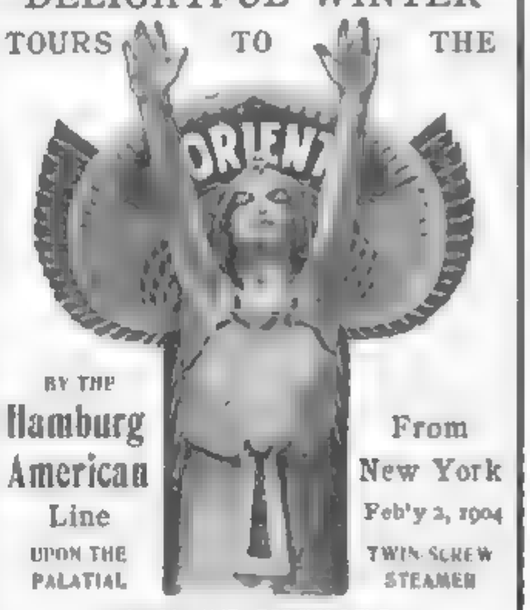

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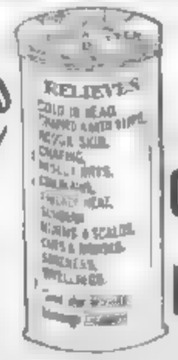

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as taught by our system of Education by Mail. Our instructors with 40 years practical knowledge can fit you [illegible] enter this field which is not overcrowded—where competition is not to be considered. If you [illegible] a few spare hours each day or all your time you can qualify in a short [illegible] be successful, write for full particulars.

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The WOODEN HEN

A book [illegible] incubators on a small scale. Fifty egg capacity. Heat, moisture and ventilation automatically and perfectly controlled. Price only $6.80.

Send for the **Wooden Hen Book**; mailed free, together with a book containing 14 colored views and telling all about the **EXCELSIOR INCUBATOR.** If you name this magazine.

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are bringing hundreds of employers to us seeking high grade Executive, Clerical and Technical men and Salesmen. We need men capable of earning from $1000 to $5000 for these positions. State position desired and write for plan and booklet.

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and Brooders are the oldest and most successful machines on the market to-day. Perfect automatic and sure. Catalogue free.

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With Brains and a Fountain Pen

PAUL C. GERHART

Now directing an advertising campaign for a manufacturer of stringed instruments.

MANY people know in a vague sort of way that advertising is a well-paid profession, but very few have any conception of what a good ad-writer receives for his work.

A short time ago a prominent manufacturer paid me $1000 for writing and designing four sixteen-page booklets, sixteen magazine ads, and thirty-two newspaper ads.

Yet that is not an isolated instance.

I do not claim that every man or woman who completes my course of instruction can immediately begin to make $50 to $100 weekly.

That would be dishonest.

Everything depends upon the student. Those who study industriously and intelligently succeed almost at once. Those who simply glance over the lessons and do the work mechanically, will never achieve very much success in any line of business.

Advertising can't be learned by everybody, but there are thousands of clerks, bookkeepers and stenographers who have the ability to become ad-writers and managers at good salaries. They need only the right sort of a start, and I honestly believe my course of instruction in advertising will give them that.

In my last ad I told briefly of one most important feature of my instruction—the "development of the *idea*." I wonder if I emphasized it sufficiently. The "Spotless Town" *idea* which made Sapolio doubly famous, and the "Uneeda Biscuit" *idea* which sold millions of crackers are but two of a long list of sensational successes which prove that my method of instruction is the right one.

Some of the best advertising ideas of the last decade have come from Mr. E. J. Bliss, treasurer and managing director of the Regal Shoe Company of Boston, who rightly considers the advertising of his business of sufficient importance to give it his personal attention. It was he who invented the "window of the sole" and the buzz saw idea, both of which helped to give the Regal Shoe an international reputation. So highly does the Regal Shoe Company value his services that the corporation recently caused his life to be insured for $100,000.

No matter who or what you are, you may have a dormant idea that will make you famous. My course will develop it. All the capital you need is brains and a fountain pen.

A former student of my methods is now president of a $250,000 corporation. Another student increased a $13,000 business to $33,000 per annum. Other graduates are making big salaries.

Some time ago I received the following letter:

"DEAR MR. BATES:

I am going to learn advertising, but I can't seem to decide whose course to take. I learn that you are widely known as an extremely successful advertising specialist, but I have received some very convincing matter from —— and ——. Furthermore, your course is the highest priced of the three. Please tell me wherein it is superior to the courses just mentioned.

WILLIAM C. B——"

Here is my reply:

DEAR MR. B——:

Yes, my advertising course costs more than any of the others. That is because I give every student practical and valuable instruction, and it can't be done for less. Instead of making invidious comparisons I will let you judge for yourself just how good my course is.

Send me $2 merely as a guarantee of good faith and I will give you four weeks' trial instruction.

Isn't my willingness to do this pretty good evidence that my course is all I claim for it?

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES.

Mr. B—— sent me the $2, received his four weeks' instruction, and has now enrolled for the full course.

Since then I have been making the same proposition to every interested person, for I believe prospective students should be offered every facility to investigate before paying $40 in advance.

If you want to learn to earn $25 to $100 weekly, send $2 for four weeks' trial instruction. That will show you just what my course is, and just how I handle my students. If I find that you lack the ability to become a successful advertiser, I will tell you so frankly. I know so well how valuable my instruction is that I am cheerfully taking all the risk. I simply want a chance to demonstrate what I can do for you.

Will you send me $2 to find out whether or not this is the course you want, or do you prefer to spend from $30 to $50 for a course you don't know anything about?

This is a proposition you don't need time to consider.

Send me $2 *today*.

A two-cent stamp will secure my 66-page prospectus.

W. M. NIXDORF

Who says "the more I think of the actual good I derived from the course, the more wonderful do I consider your method."

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES

180 William Street NEW YORK

The Hub of the Political Wheel

(Concluded from Page 5)

New York City is like a badly broken horse, and ready at all times to run away with its own government. It would take the iron resolution and indomitable integrity of an Andrew Jackson to half guide the town aright. No mayor for some forty years has owned the wrist for the task. Does it look, then—if the picture be a true one—as though Mr. McClellan would prove the exception? Or does it strike one that Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Murphy are of that stubborn civic integrity and possess those lofty ideals required to guardian a mayor who would achieve for his reign a high nobility?

Talk of straight and narrow paths! Tammany must fairly walk a tight-rope if she would keep the situation—police and politicians—from slipping back into that quagmire of graft which swallowed up the Democrats two years ago, and there gleams no least ray of hope that Tammany is any such gymnast. And yet, anything short of pure white, and every day from now till autumn, will see New York City Democracy go backward like a crab.

The Republicans have a majority of—more or less—one hundred and ten thousand above the Harlem River. They had it for Mr. Roosevelt in 1898; they had it for Mr. Odell. In Presidential years it grows in Republican favor. Mr. McClellan, against a deeply unpopular opponent, went in as mayor by fewer than seventy thousand. In Presidential years the Democracy is weak in New York City. Mr. McKinley carried the town. True, Mr. Coler for Governor—not in a Presidential year—arrived at the Harlem with something like one hundred and five thousand plurality. But sixty thousand Republicans stayed at home. Since the days when Mr. Conkling played political golf and swatted the ball about the party links with Mr. Platt to be a caddy to him, the Republicans have on occasion practiced the art of staying at home. They are past-masters of this sleight of politics, and came nigh to beating Mr. Odell with it, as once they defeated Mr. Folger. There is no reason, however, for thinking that, as between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Gorman, any Republican will sit poking his fire on election day.

As for Mr. Murphy and Mr. Sullivan: Does it not occur to you who are sapient of politics that their concern will be for Tammany and the hunger of their people, rather than for the capture of a White House? How often has a White House been of any Tammany use? How often, for that matter, has Tammany been of any White House use?

New York City was seventy thousand Democratic, say, when Mr. McClellan took his oath as mayor. By August 1 every gun of independent political thought—the daily press with the rest—will be battering at the City Hall for things threatened or committed. Those seventy thousand Democrats will have melted away by half, and the loudest bugle call of party would not summon a plurality—if a count of noses were to be made—of more than thirty-five thousand.

Meanwhile that dead level of about one hundred and ten thousand Republican plurality up the State will have been undisturbed.

Mr. Hanna would carry New York by full forty thousand, Mr. Roosevelt would carry it by over one hundred thousand. These figures would be given against Mr. Gorman, or Mr. Parker, or the best name on the rolls of the Democracy.

But the money, say you! Suppose Money, with all its artillery, were to fight on the side of the Democrats! It would not alter a result. If it were Mr. Roosevelt on one ticket and Mr. Gorman on the other—and he who holds his hand in the water will notice the tide running that way—Money would lodge in the Democratic corner with Mr. Gorman. But Money is not to be for this campaign the hot favorite it was. The antics of United States Steel, and the Shipbuilding Trust, and certain others one might mention, have not endeared Money to the American heart nor taught a trusting public to follow where it leads.

Even when the day is fair there is a limit to the potency of Money. Money can defeat Money. Or it can defeat a man who is striving to make money. It couldn't, however, beat General Jackson for his second term, albeit it tried with all its teeth and claws. And though it employed teeth and claws, it wouldn't beat Mr. Roosevelt were he to run this year. And for this reason: Money cannot beat a President who isn't trying to get rich.

The New International Encyclopædia

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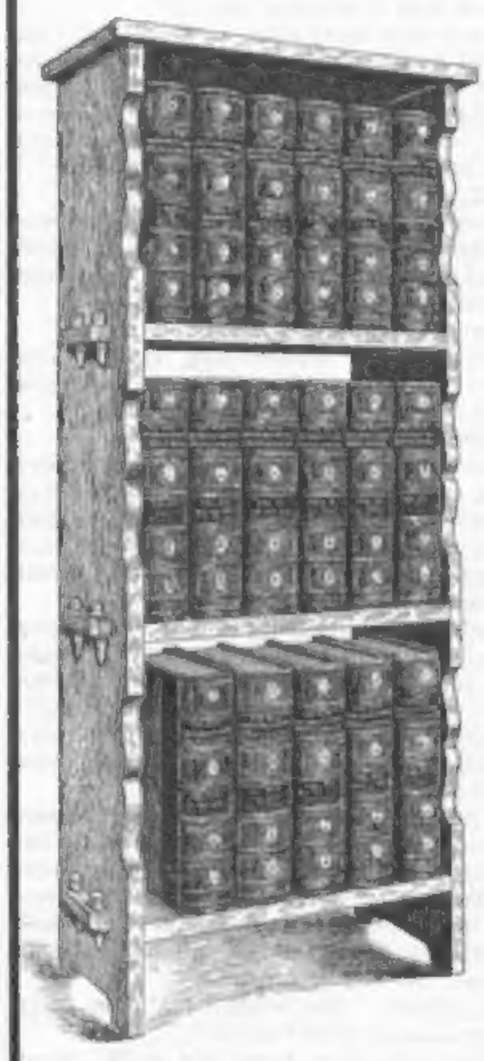
Who Wants a 1903 Almanac?

YOU would probably find it impossible to get a last year's almanac at any drug store to-day. Certainly, at the progressive stores you could not get one, because they clear out every article that has been supplanted by something newer and better.

Yet, curiously enough, when it comes to encyclopædias you find people buying works that were written back in the '80s, and some as long ago as the '70s.



We wonder why it is that people who are buying an encyclopædia can be induced to take one that was brought out twenty or thirty years ago. Wines improve with age; first editions of the writings of famous authors command a large premium; antiquities of all sorts are often sold at fancy prices. But encyclopædias that are out of date must be offered as great bargains in order to find purchasers.

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DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:

Please send, without cost to me, the handsome book describing **The New International Encyclopædia,** and containing specimen pages, colored illustrations, maps, and information regarding discount and easy-payment plan for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST readers.

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This $10.00 Rocker Without Cost.

A good, substantial Rocker, pretty design, elegant finish and comfortable. Made of quartered oak, guaranteed not to warp or separate; strong, artistic; height of back from floor, 40 in.; seat 20 x 21 in.; highly polished and finished in golden oak.

We *give* this $10 Rocker as a premium with $10 worth of our goods—$20 in value for $10. Our goods consist of Laundry Soaps, Toilet Soaps, Washing Powder, Scouring Powder, Starch, Toilet Preparations, Extracts, Baking Powder, Teas, Coffees, etc.

All these things you use every day and must buy constantly; if you buy them of your grocer you pay as much or more than we charge and you get only the goods; if you buy of us you save the dealers' profits for yourself and get those profits in the form of premiums equal in value to the goods—that means twice as much for your money as the retailer gives you. We can do this because we are manufacturers and importers and when you buy of us you are buying at first hands.

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It tells how you can make the most of the advantages offered by the remarkable Walker Plan, how to form a Walker Club, etc.; it tells all about our goods with prices; it illustrates and describes all our premiums (over 200). This book we send free upon request. Lose no time in writing for it.

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(Founded 1857.)

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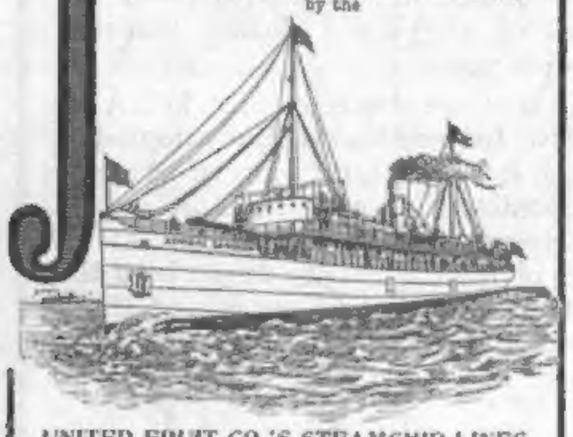
Land of the never-ending June

An ideal spot in which to spend a winter's vacation and avoid all the extremes of the northern climate.

5 days from Boston, 4 days from Philadelphia by the



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SHORTHAND for $2.50

I teach Graham shorthand successfully by mail in 30 lessons. No books to buy. Write for my plan No. 2 and first lesson free.

I. S. BROWN, M.E., Suite 32-40 Taylor Bldg., Bridgeport, Conn.

THE COST

(*Continued from Page 11*)

The habitual pallor of her father's face changed to gray.

"I left him, father." She lifted her head, impatient of her stammering. A bright flush was in her face as she went on rapidly: "And I came to-day to tell you the whole story—to be truthful and honest again. I'm sick of deception and evasion. I can stand it no longer. I—you don't know how I've shrunk from wounding mother and you. But I've no choice now. Father, I must be free—free!"

"And you *shall* be," exclaimed her father. "He shall not wreck your life and Gardiner's."

Pauline stared at him. "Father!" she exclaimed.

He put his arm round her and drew her gently to him. "I know the idea is terrible," he said, as if he were trying to persuade a child. "But it's right, Pauline. There are cases in which not to divorce would be a sin. I hope my daughter sees that this is one."

"I don't understand," she said confusedly. "I thought you and mother believed divorce was dreadful—no matter what might happen."

"We did, Pauline. But we—that is, I—had never had it brought home."

Pauline drew away from her father so that she could look at him. And for the first time she saw into his heart, saw that his reticence and her awe of him had conspired to mislead her into thinking him wholly different from what he really was. "If I had only known!" she said, and sat numb and stunned.

"When you were coming home from college," her father went on, "your mother and I talked over what we should do. John had just confessed your secret marriage——"

"You knew *that!*"

"Yes, and we understood, Polly. You were so young—so headstrong—and you couldn't appreciate our reasons."

Pauline's brain was reeling.

"Your mother and I talked it over before you got home and thought it best to leave you entirely free to choose. And if you had decided that you had made a mistake, the marriage could have been annulled. But when we saw you overcome by joy——"

"Don't!" she interrupted, her voice a cry of pain. "I can't bear it! Don't!" Years of false self-sacrifice, of deceiving her parents and her child, of self-suppression and self-degradation, and this final cruelty to Gladys—all, all in vain, all a heaping of folly upon folly, of wrong upon wrong.

She rose and rushed toward the house. She must fly somewhere—anywhere—to escape the thoughts that were picking with sharp beaks at her aching heart. Half-way up the walk she turned and fled to a refuge she would not have thought of half an hour before—to her father's arms.

"Oh, father!" she sobbed. "Why, *why* was I not honest from the start?"

Gladys, returning from her walk, went directly to Pauline's sitting-room. "I'm off for New York and Europe to-morrow morning," she began abruptly, her voice hard and her expression bitter and reckless.

"Where can she have heard about Leonora?" thought Pauline. She said in a strained voice: "I had hoped you would stay here to look after the house."

"To look after the house? What do you mean?" asked Gladys. But she was too full of herself to be interested in the answer, and went on: "I want you to forget what I said to you. I've got over all that. I've come to my senses."

Pauline looked at her curiously, then began a nervous turning of her finger rings.

Gladys gave a short, grim laugh. "I despise him," she went on. "We're very changeable, we women—aren't we? I went out of this house two hours ago loving him—to distraction. I come back hating him. And all that has happened in between is that I met him and he kissed me a few times and stabbed my pride a few times."

Pauline stopped turning her rings—she rose slowly, mechanically and looked steadily at Gladys. "That is not true," she said calmly.

Gladys was somewhat astonished. She laughed sardonically. "You don't know the cold and haughty Governor Scarborough. There's fire under the ice. I can feel the places on my face where it scorched. Can't you see them?" Pauline gave her a look of disgust. "How like John Dumont's sister!" she thought. And she shut herself in her room and stayed there, pleading illness in excuse, until Gladys was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Other operators only here and there.

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Let us tell more about the **ELMORE**

With Tonneau **$850.00**

Do you know the difference between a four-cycle and a two-cycle gasoline engine? You should know before you buy an automobile, for the difference is the difference between waste-power and economized energy.

The two-cycle engine used exclusively in the Elmore is the evolution of years of exhaustive experiment. The eminent English Engineer, Capt. C. C. Longridge, predicted its triumph before the British Institute of Mechanical Engineers, October 16th, 1902, when he said:

"Neither the four-cycle type nor the engine with one cylinder and two pistons will survive. The ultimate evolution will be the impulse-every-revolution, two-cycle engine."

The Elmore one cylinder two-cycle engine produces as much power as the two cylinder four-cycle engine of any other type and like capacity. It will climb hills at which the four-cycle would balk; and skim at high speed through sand and mud that would stall any machine in America of equal capacity. Strong talk? We mean it to be strong! We want you to inquire and investigate. If you do—we will sell you an Elmore. We know it.

Our 1904 catalogue and a little booklet "A long jump and two short steps" contains information about automobiles that will open your eyes. Write for it.

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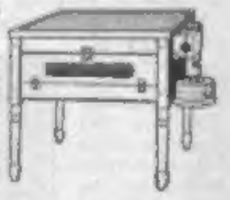

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